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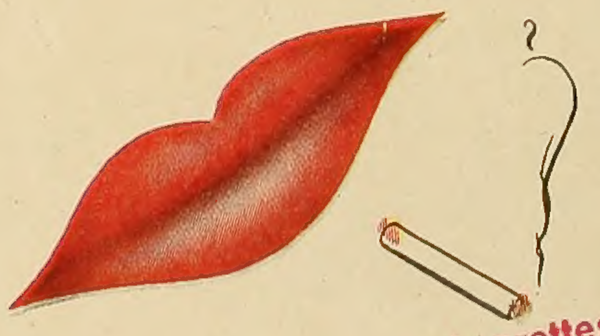


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Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

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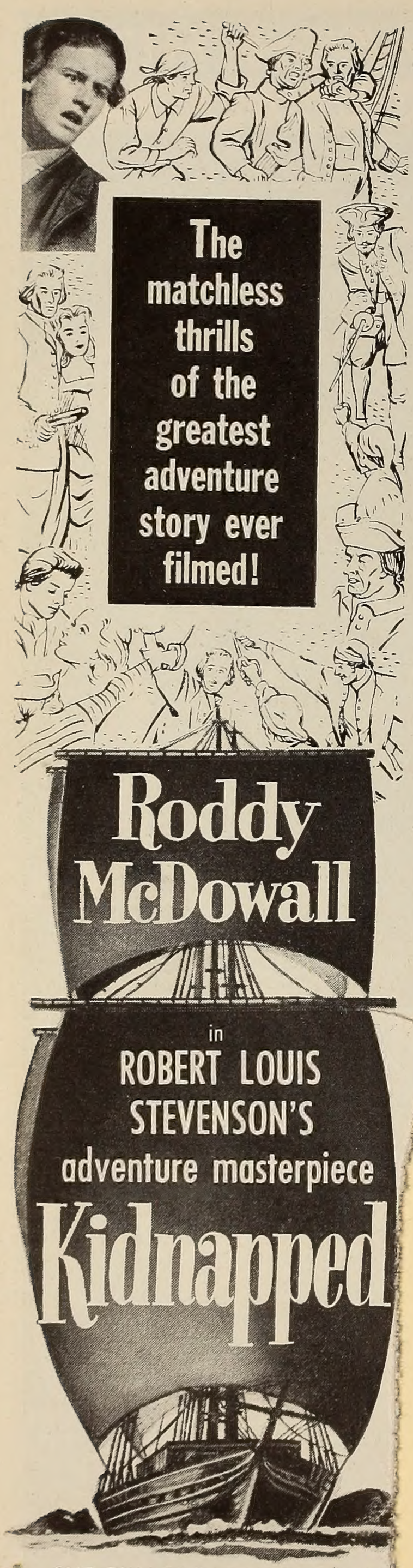


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KER'S PEOPLE" by Ira Wolfert

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Gossip in the Lobby



Clown Bing Crosby, Ringmaster Bob Hope intrigue Betty Grable when stars take over Ringling Bros. Barnum and Bailey circus to benefit St. John's Hospital.



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FOR THE TUMMY!



Loretta Young twits clown John Lund during performance of stars' benefit circus.



set to see her husband, who is the financial backer of the picture. "How are you, Baby?" he called out to her. "I can't stop and talk to you—or we both will be losing money!" What a guy!

—o—

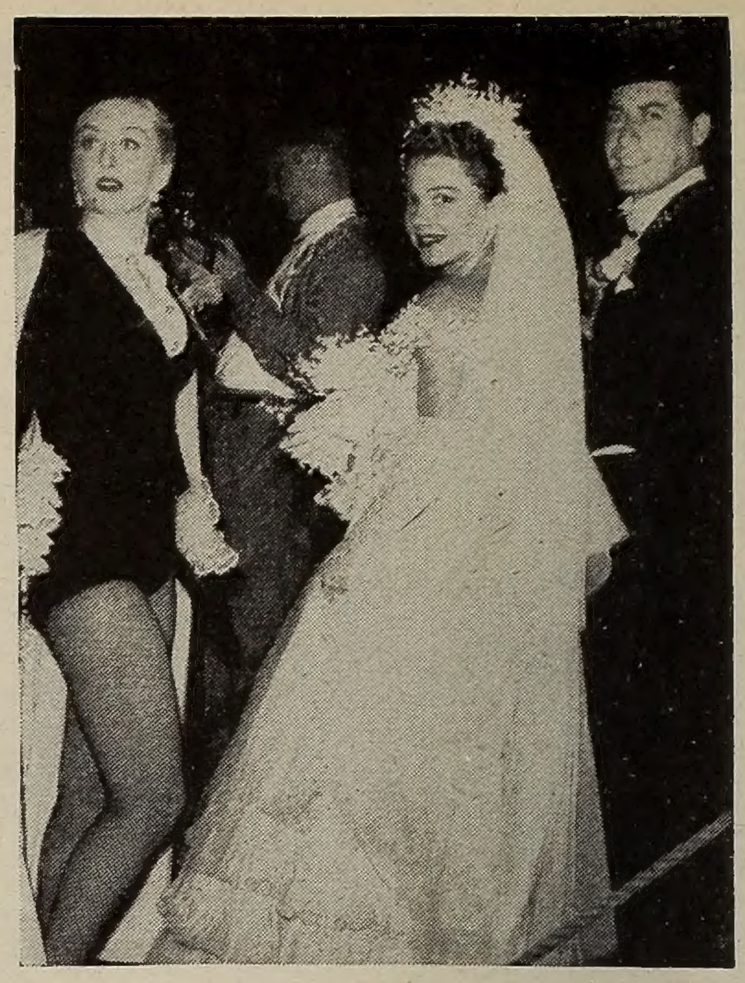
Very little has been written about Clark Gable's devotion to his father. Seldom, if ever, did they pose for pictures together. And all for good reason. Clark's dad was proud of his son, but wanted no part of the spotlight. He lived close to the Gable ranch with Clark's adored stepmother. She died recently and while Clark was in Europe, his father followed her. Clark hurried home for the funeral. There were no crowds, no clicking cameras. That was the way Dad Gable would have wanted it. During all his years in Hollywood, unless he was out of town, Clark never missed Sunday night dinner with his family. Thus continues the Gable legend.

—o—

We promised not to reveal the hysterical plot of "I Was A Male War Bride" but it's too good to keep! Cary Grant marries Ann Sheridan while they're in Europe. According to rules and regulations, only WAC brides are allowed to return to this country. Cary doesn't want to be separated from his sweetie-pie, natch! So he disguises himself as a WAC, wears a wig made out of a horse's tail and tries to fool the authorities! Whatever you do, don't *miss this one.*

—o—

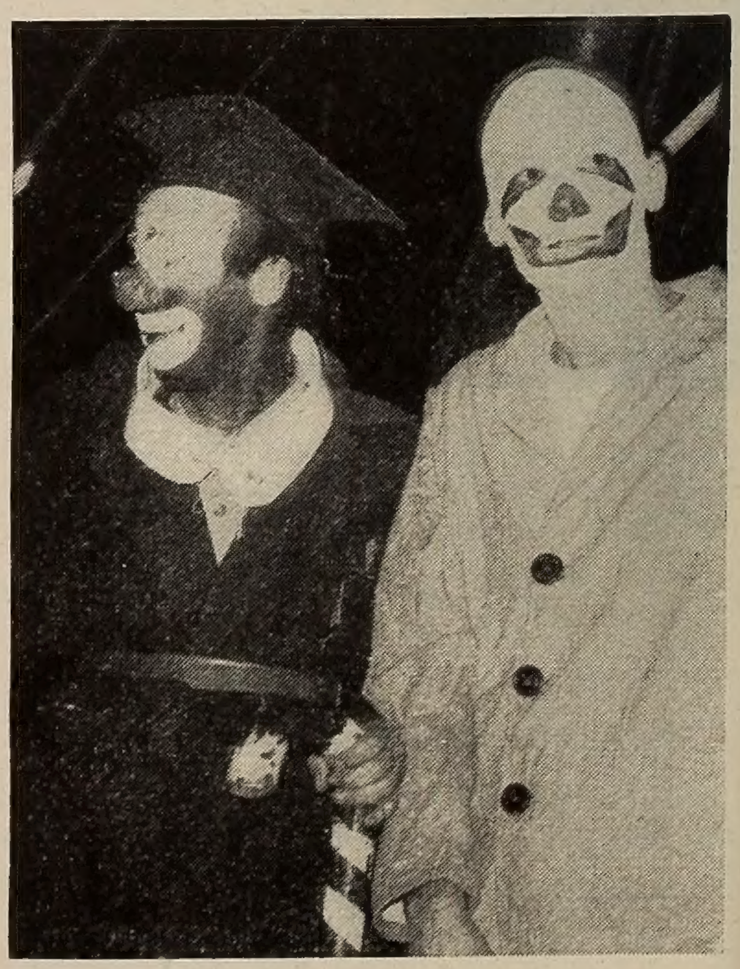
Montgomery Clift continues to baffle Hollywood hostesses. He's refused all in-



Troupers Celeste Holm, Anne Baxter and John Hodiak awaiting start of big parade.



Equestrienne Virginia Mayo, Bill and Diana Powell after stint under Big Top.



Paul Jerome, famous circus clown, introduces his star apprentice, Gregory Peck.

A barrage of Bouquets for Warner Bros. June Bride!

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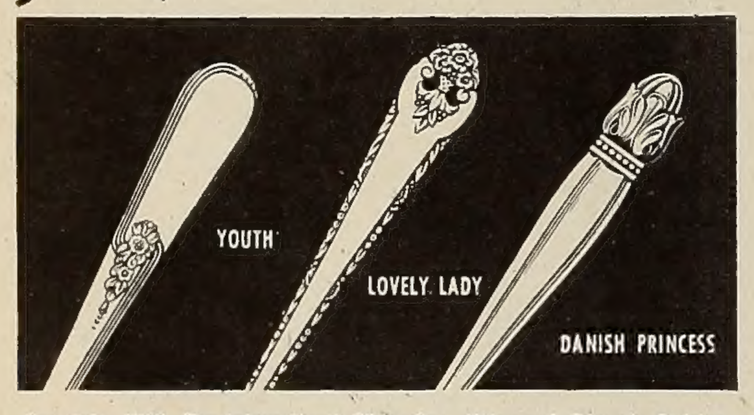
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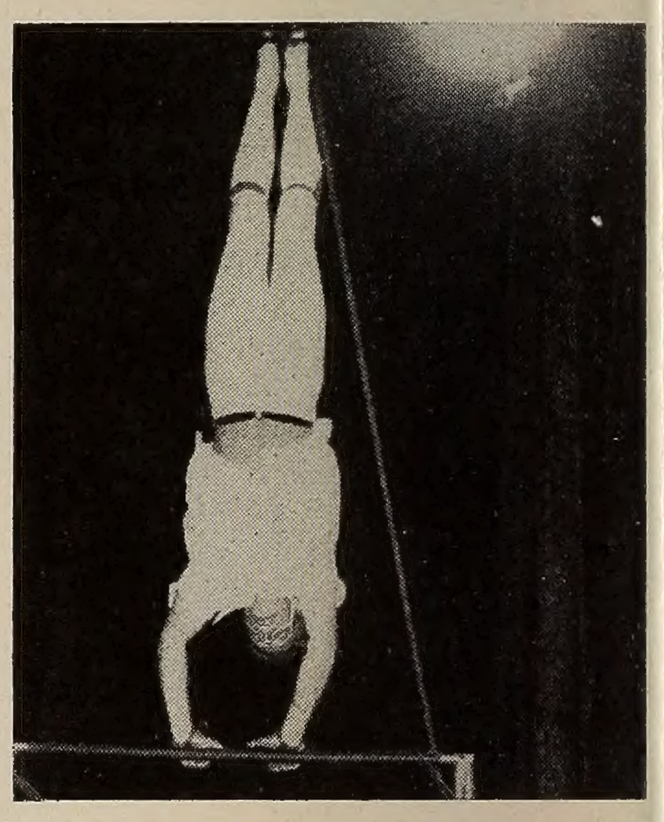
Betty Grable feeds elephant with aid of Dick Widmark, Dan Dailey.



Greer Garson beside the elephant she rode in benefit circus parade.



Barker Ronald Reagan greets Cobina Wright on Midway of stars' circus.

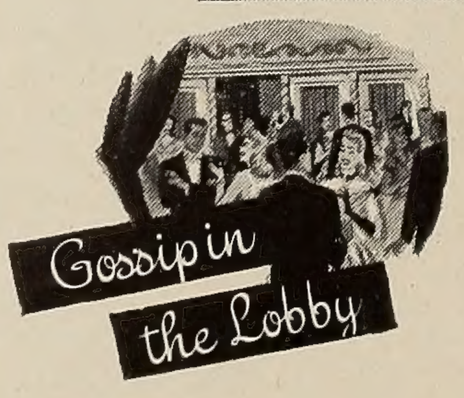


Burt Lancaster, on horizontal bars, was acrobat before he turned actor.





Above Left: Irene Dunne in "Old South" pageant. Above: Rhonda Fleming leading the circus parade.



vitations, yet almost daily on "The Heiress" set, he has feminine (*but unknown*) visitors. Monty's kind of a character, too. When he arrives at the studio, his clothes look like he put them on *before* he stepped into the shower! As a rule he's sleepy and seldom talks while they apply his makeup. Then when he steps before the camera, he instantly becomes—brilliant!

—o—

Joan Crawford's done it again! This time in "Flamingo Road," she'll wear a short page boy bob that clings to her head like a skullcap. Her hair's a new color, too, almost amber under the lights. Speaking of the inimitable Crawford, a local merchant tried to sell her some imported tweed for $50 a yard. Joan gulped: "Thank you very much—I'll learn how to weave it myself." So help us, that's just what she's doing. She now has a loom set up in her drawing room.

(Please turn to page 74)

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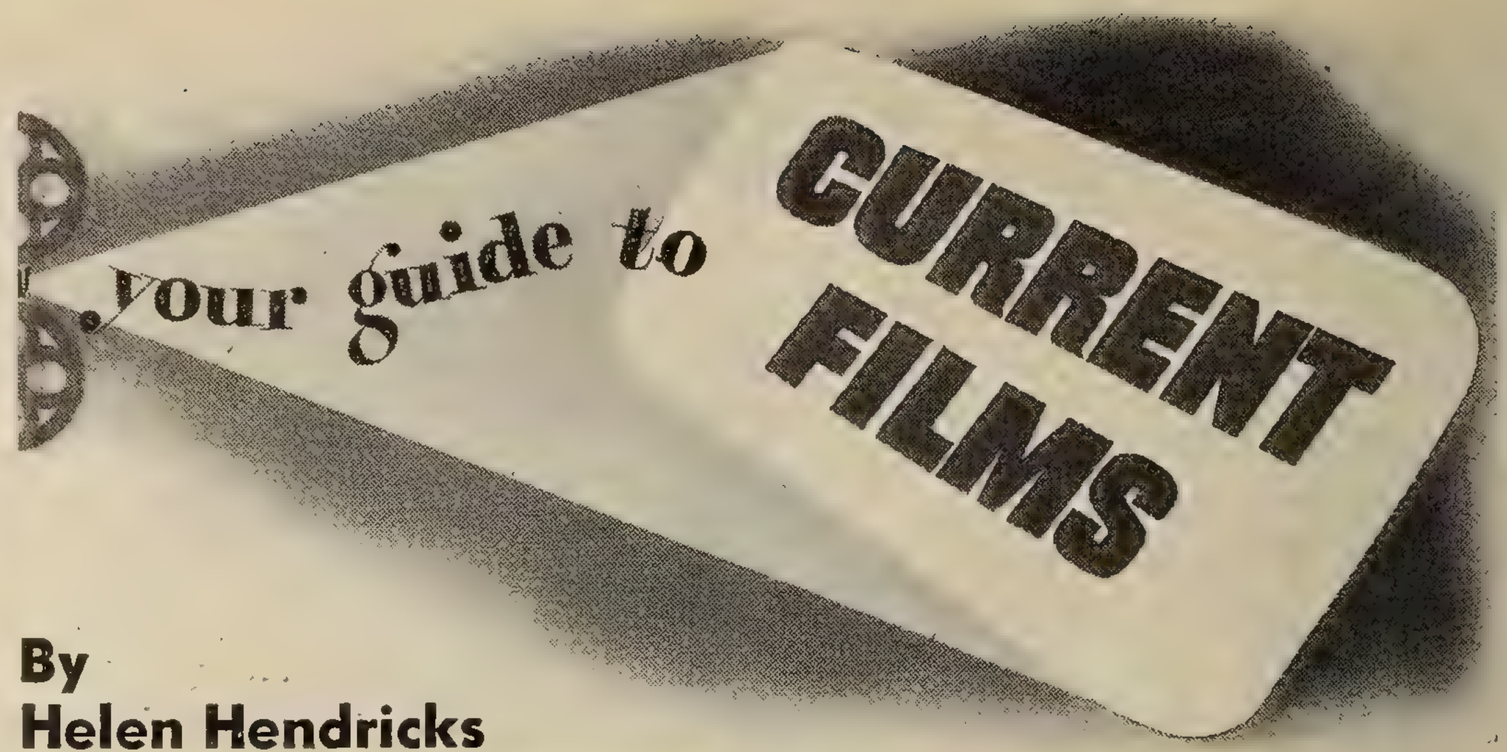
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By Helen Hendricks



Gene Kelly, Lana Turner in "The Three Musketeers," MGM film of Dumas' novel.

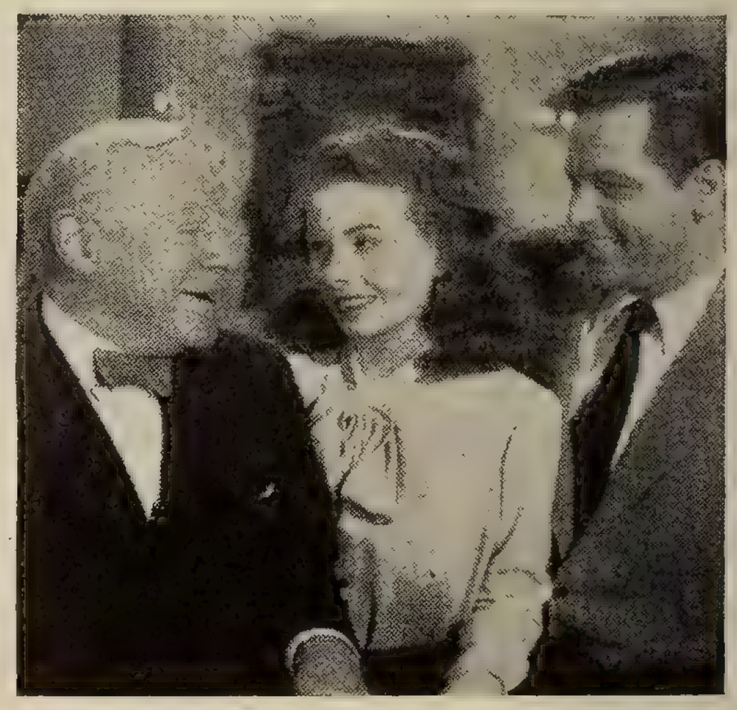


Kirk Douglas, Keenan Wynn cavort with Helen Walker in "My Dear Secretary."

Apartment For Peggy

(Technicolor)
20th Century-Fox

THERE are a number of things which go to make a picture which can be placed in "the very special" category, and this evidently has them all. It's about an elderly college professor, Edmund Gwenn, who, because he's decided his usefulness to society is no more, plans to commit suicide, and a young, poor-as-the-dickens couple, Jeanne Crain and William Holden, who are just beginning to realize how important they



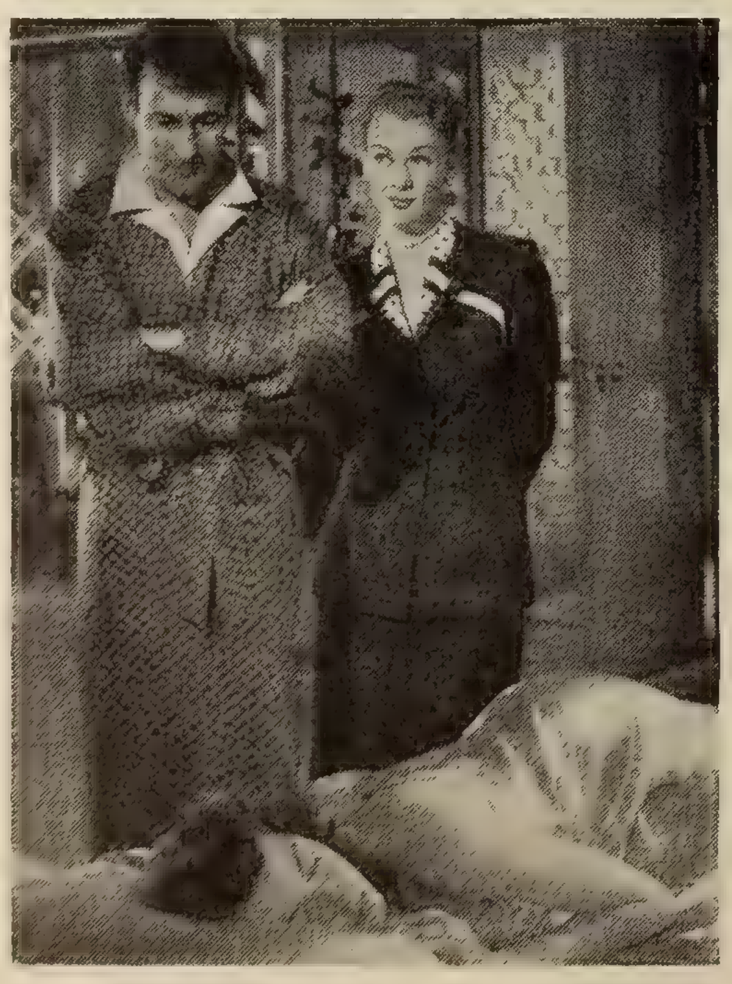
"Apartment For Peggy," stars Edmund Gwenn, Jeanne Crain and William Holden.

are to humanity. Rather than treat the problems of the three principals with a heavy hand, there's a light and very human touch that old and young alike will understand and feel.

Set in a college town, where Holden, an ex-GI, is going to school, the plot develops when his youthful, but determined wife commandeers a much-needed place to live—the attic of the "useless" professor's home much against the professor's wishes and better judgment—for not only will there be the two tenants, but in a few months, a Junior Young America will appear. Prof. Gwenn goes through a lot, of course, but it's delightfully done and you know he's enjoying himself even though he hates to admit it.

In a way you sort of hate to see the picture end. but the warmth of it will go right home with you.

(Please turn to page 14)



Tom Conway, Eve Arden, Ava Gardner in "One Touch Of Venus," U-I fantasy.

"I WAS ASHAMED OF MY FACE

until Viderm made my dreams of a clearer skin come true in one short week"

(FROM A LETTER TO BETTY MEMPHIS SENT HER BY ETHEL JORDAN, DETROIT, MICH.)



BETTY MEMPHIS

If your face is broken out, if bad skin is making you miserable, here is how to stop worrying about pimples, blackheads and other externally caused skin troubles.

JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By Betty Memphis

"I just want to be alone!" Is there anything more awful than the blues that come when your face is broken out and you feel like hiding away because of pimples, blackheads and similar externally caused skin troubles? I know how it feels from personal experience. And I can appreciate the wonderful, wonderful joy that Ethel S. Jordan felt when she found something that not only *promised* her relief—but *gave* it to her in just one short week!

When I was having my own skin troubles, I tried a good many cosmetics, ointments and whatnot that were recommended to me. I remember vividly how disappointed I felt each time, until I discovered the skin doctor's formula now known as the Double Viderm Treatment. I felt pretty wonderful when friends began to rave about my "movie-star skin." No more self-consciousness. No more having my friends feel sorry for me. The secret joy, again, of running my fingertips over a smoother, clearer skin.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life—dates, romance, popularity, social and business success—only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours —*take my word for it!*—no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

What Makes "Bad Skin" Get That Way?

Medical science gives us the truth about how skin blemishes usually develop. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time "stretch" the pores and make them large enough to pocket dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. Often, the natural oils that lubricate your skin will harden in the pores and result in unsightly blemishes.

When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the Double Viderm Treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, *un*beautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

The Double Viderm Treatment is a formula prescribed with amazing success by a dermatologist and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates your pores and acts as an antiseptic. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too —*in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't.* Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clearer, smoother complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your Double Viderm Treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 555, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both



jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. Then, if you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm Double Treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and thirty-one thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!—the treatment *must* work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.



A screen star's face is her fortune. That's why she makes it her business to protect her complexion against pimples, blackheads and blemishes. Your face is no different. Give it the Double Treatment it needs and watch those skin blemishes go away.



...the TRUTH about MARRIAGE RELATIONS is frankly discussed

AT LAST an eminent doctor, a practicing physician with a background of vital, everyday experience in problems of sex, tells ALL the baffling long-obscured facts in frank easy-to-understand language! There is no longer any need for ignorant guessing about the magnificent instinct that is your birthright. No more prudish evasions, no more half-veiled secrets in these 576 pages of TRUTHFUL, straightforward FACTS

Love is the most cherished privilege in the world today. Everything you should know is openly discussed in language that you will easily understand. Don't rely on half-truths from unreliable sources! Be a master of love's complexities. Learn intelligently how to win and hold the love of your choice.

UP-TO-DATE TRUTHS CANNOT OFFEND

Education is the key to a perfect love-filled life that can be yours. Ignorance, "hush-hush" and misinformation lead to fear, worry and shame. Know how to overcome physical mismating; How newlyweds can conquer honeymoon embarrassment; How to endow yourself with the lifetime of Marital Happiness that should be yours.

OVER 100 GRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS

The illustrations that accompany the text of the book are clear and enlightening. It is necessary that biological facts should not be shrouded by prudery nor false modesty. Study the illustrations—read the book, and grope in the dark no longer!

576 PAGES!

This Book Tells Young Women, Wives, Young Husbands and Young Men ALL they Have Wanted to Know about LIFE and SEX!

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Glenn Ford, Terry Moore in "The Return Of October," Columbia comedy about a girl who thinks a racehorse is her reincarnated uncle.

An Act Of Murder

Universal-International

WHEN you get two stars like Fredric March and Florence Eldridge and a story that's daring because its theme is mercy killing, the combination is infallible. Highly emotional scenes follow in rapid succession after March, a judge, learns his wife is stricken with a fatal and horribly painful illness. However, the one scene which is outstanding takes place in a courtroom where March is standing trial for what he believes is the mercy killing of his wife. Supporting roles are all excellent and the lesser romance department is taken care of by Edmond O'Brien and Geraldine Brooks.

The Three Musketeers

(Technicolor)
MGM

FOR a smash-up evening's entertainment, how's this: Gene Kelly, Lana

(*Please turn to page 73*)

Right: A leprechaun fosters the romance of Anne Baxter and Tyrone Power in "The Luck Of The Irish."



Below: "An Act Of Murder," stars Fredric March and Florence Eldridge in a dramatic story of a mercy killing.





Right: In "June Bride," a Warners' comedy, Editor Bette Davis falls for her assistant, Robert Montgomery.


MAN-HUNT...
IN THE LAST OUTPOST OF ADVENTURE!
UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL presents
DICK POWELL
MARTA TOREN
The Temptatious Hit of "CASBAH"
VINCENT PRICE
She could bring out the worst in any man!
Outcasts from 100 lands...living for the thrill of cold steel—the pleasure of warm lips!
ROGUES' REGIMENT
OF THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION
Universal International
with STEPHEN McNALLY · Carol Thurston · Edgar Barrier · Screenplay by ROBERT BUCKNER
Original Story by ROBERT BUCKNER and ROBERT FLOREY · A ROBERT BUCKNER PRODUCTION · Directed by ROBERT FLOREY



Dorothy Lamour and her husband, William Ross Howard, at the world premiere of the "Ice Follies Of 1949," compliment two talented performers during show's intermission.

Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman, just back from a trip abroad, enjoy the colorful Hollywood debut of the Ice Follies at Pan-Pacific auditorium. Ronnie's latest is "A Double Life."





Nightclub singing star, Carl Brisson, his daughter-in-law, Rosalind Russell *(now in "The Velvet Touch")* and Van Johnson sign autographs at the opening of the "Ice Follies Of 1949."

"Ice Follies" Premiere



Shirley Temple, her hubby John Agar, at debut of spectacular "Ice Follies."



Jane Powell and Lon McCallister at "Ice Follies" greet an excited young fan.



Van Johnson and his wife, Evie, arrive at the skating show's brilliant premiere.



Never Again!

THIS IS HER FIRST DATE with him . . . and it will be her last. When the picture is over he is going to hustle her home faster than jet propulsion. And she won't know why*!

BEFORE ANY DATE where you want to be at your best, isn't it just plain common sense to be *extra careful* about your breath? You, yourself, may not realize when it is off-color.

AFTER ALL, THERE IS NOTHING that puts romance on the run like a case of halitosis* (unpleasant breath). Why run such a risk when Listerine Antiseptic provides such a delightful, extra precaution?

SIMPLY RINSE THE MOUTH with Listerine Antiseptic, and, lo, your breath is sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend; keeps it that way, too . . . not for minutes but for hours!

SMART PEOPLE, popular people never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic. It's an *extra careful* precaution that often spells the difference between popularity and oblivion.

WHILE SOME CASES of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Use it night and morning and before any date, business or social.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

BEFORE ANY DATE **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC** FOR ORAL HYGIENE

P.S. IT'S NEW! Have you tried Listerine TOOTH PASTE, the MINTY 3-way prescription for your teeth?



the snake pit has been filmed!

With all the emotional impact and
penetrating insight that made
the best-selling novel the most powerful
book of our time—the story now
comes to the screen!

Darryl F. Zanuck
presents

OLIVIA de HAVILLAND
THE SNAKE PIT

also Starring
MARK STEVENS
LEO GENN
with
Celeste Holm · Glenn Langan
and Helen Craig • Leif Erickson • Beulah Bondi • Lee Patrick • Howard Freeman • Natalie Schafer • Ruth Donnelly • Katherine Locke • Frank Conroy • Minna Gombell

Directed by ANATOLE LITVAK

Produced by
ANATOLE LITVAK and ROBERT BASSLER

Screen Play by Frank Partos and Millen Brand • Based on the Novel by Mary Jane Ward

20th CENTURY-FOX

NEWSREEL



Left: Virginia Mayo gets into the spirit of her current role in Warner Bros. "The Girl From Jones Beach," by designing herself a sensational bathing suit . . . heavy white cable cord stitched on white lastex briefs in a diagonal design and on a halter top in a whirl design. Below: Dick Powell and Richard Beavers clown away pre-broadcast tension before their stint on NBC's "Hollywood Star Theatre." Below Center: Vic Mature relaxes after a day's work in "Cry Of The City," a 20th Century-Fox film, by squiring his wife, Dorothy, to Mocambo. Bottom Right: Robert Stack gallantly welcomes Jeanette MacDonald and Louis B. Mayer to the party he gave for Jeanette following her tremendously successful concert at the Hollywood Bowl.



Below: Iris Adrian, former Broadway entertainer, comforts Bob Hope in "The Paleface," a Paramount production. Bottom: Ben Gage and Esther Williams share the spotlight with comic Jerry Lewis at Slapsy Maxie's.









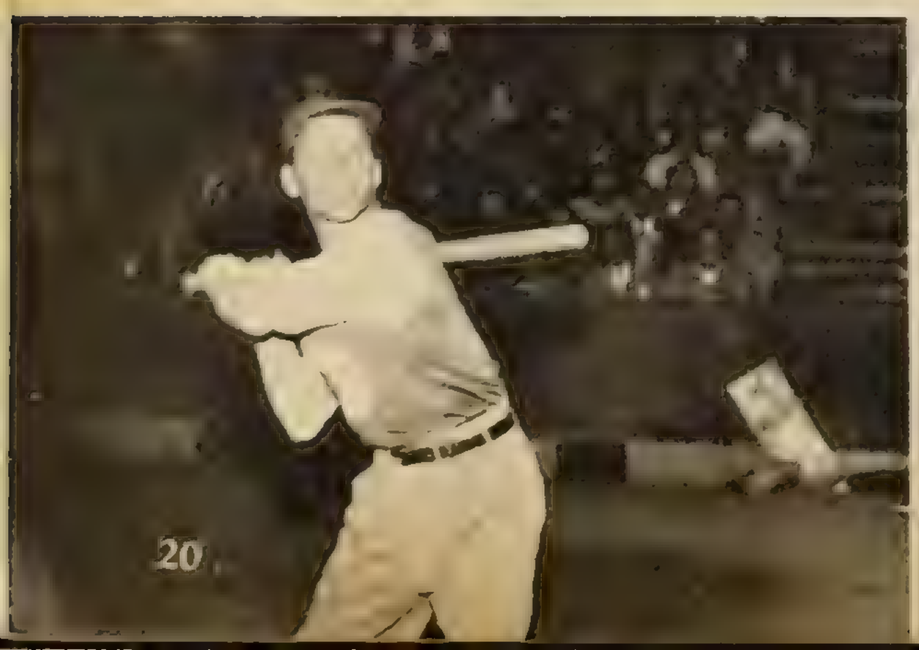
The Sinatra Swooners and the Russell Sprouts go in for some heavy slapstick between innings of "Out Of This World" softball series. Frank Sinatra, Eddie Bracken, Andy Russell, Gene Kelly, Peter Potter grab themselves some of Gene Kelly's birthday cake.

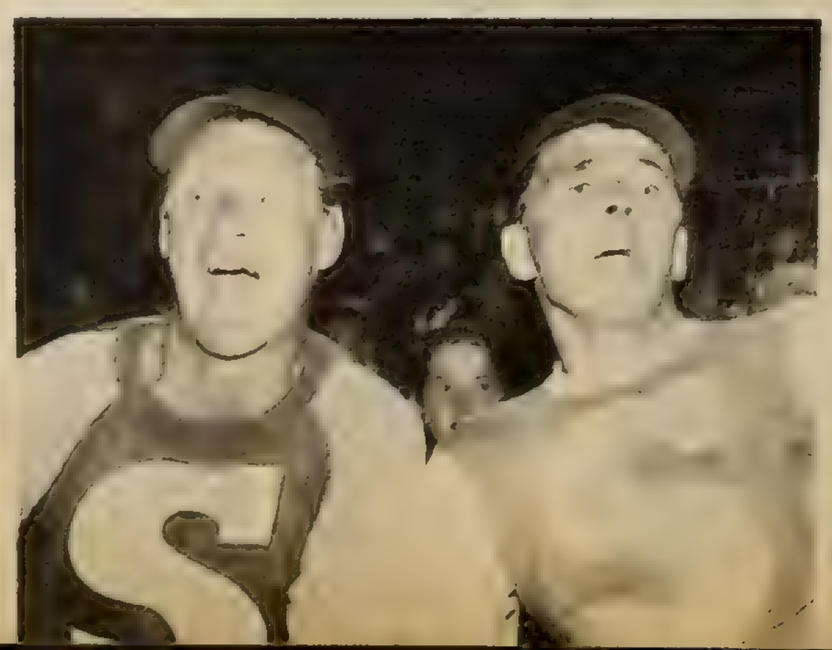
What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!

DON'T know what's got into Hollywood lately, but the after-sundown socialing around has become slightly more than frantic. So much so that all the parties have kinda blurred together in what we call our mind. But it's a nice, rosy blur and if we can just find something to combat our battle fatigue, we'll tell you a bit about who's been busy on the party line.

One of the best balls of any year was the welcome-home birthday party for Louella Parsons the day after she arrived home from her European tour. The hostesses: Harriet Parsons, Dorothy Manners, Maggie Ettinger and Lorena Danker. The place: Beautiful Ocean House, which used to be the beach home of Marion Davies. The guests: Betty Hutton and Ted Briskin, Dotty Lamour and Bill Howard, Irene Dunne and Dr. Francis Griffin, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Eleanor Parker and Bert Friedlob, Joan Fontaine and Bill Dozier, L. B. Mayer with his soooo attractive daugh-

Left: Frank Sinatra takes turn at bat. Center: Sonny Tufts and Ronald Reagan root for their team. Right: John Garfield didn't keep his eye on the ball.







VERA'S DREAM COMES TRUE





Mary Pickford snaps a picture of Vera Ralston at the "Captain's Ball," during their voyage aboard the S.S. *America*.



HER dream of a prolonged tour of Europe came true this Summer for Vera Ralston, star of Republic's "Drums Along The Amazon." Born in Prague, Vera traveled extensively in every country on the continent before coming to America when the Nazis harried her out of Czechoslovakia, and had a nostalgic longing to see Europe again. *Above:* With Corporal Watkins of the Royal House Guards, Buckingham Palace. *Left:* Vera, Captain J. W. Anderson aboard the S.S. *America*. *Below:* At the "Castle Of Scottish Kings," Edinburgh's historic battlement.



Above: Vera, her mother at airport prior to her departure for Prague. *Below:* Feeding pigeons in Trafalgar Square, London.



Below: Accompanied by her hairdresser, Hazel Weider, Vera signs an autograph for Roman fan, member of the Carabiniere.







Above: Dick Powell and June Allyson join the conversation at one of the gala events at Atwater Kent's Bel-Air home.

Do men like to be babied? Can wives change husbands' bad habits? June Allyson has the answer to these and many other questions on husbands

By Jack Holland

How To Keep A Husband Happy



Above: Try this for those early morning kinks! June keeps the breakfast table talk as pleasant as possible and gives Dick ten minutes to read his newspaper.

Below: On set of MGM's "The Three Musketeers," June clowns between scenes in cameraman's coat. June and Dick successfully laugh each other out of fits of moodiness.





Above: June wears 17th century nightgown for this scene in MGM's "The Three Musketeers." June believes that shopping with your husband only breeds trouble.





Below: It's love at first sight for June Allyson and Gene Kelly in MGM's film version of Alexander Dumas' 17th century swashbuckler. Left: Behind that pensive look June wears is an active mass of grey matter, which she uses in keeping Dick happy, caring for her eight-month-old daughter, Allyson, and adhering to a busy picture schedule. She next plays Jo in "Little Women."

THERE have been many complex problems confronting authorities, but there is one that has continued to be a puzzle to experts of all periods in history—at least the feminine experts. And that's how to keep a husband happy.

Since one girl's opinion on this subject is as good as another's and since Miss June Allyson seems to have done a pretty good job of keeping Dick Powell happy, it didn't seem too amiss to get the pert and vivacious June to sound off on this business.

I confess I felt as though I had come to the wrong party when I saw June on the set of "Little Women" at MGM. She looked so young and naive in her get-up for the role of *Jo* in the picture that I felt almost as though I were talking to a child bride. She certainly didn't look old enough to be managing Dick's household and mothering their eight-month-old adopted daughter, Allyson. But I soon found out that a nice hunk of grey matter lurked behind that mischievous, smiling expression June wears.

To start out, I put forth a rather strange question when I asked June if she thought Dick was a happier person now than he was before they were married. I don't know what I expected her to say, but I was sure she wasn't going to reply, "No, I don't think he is." And that's exactly the answer she didn't give.

"Yes, I do think Richard is happier now," June said lightly. "I'd certainly hate to think he wasn't. I don't see how he could remain serious and upset for long anyway married to me, because I do such silly and idiotic things that he laughs at me—or with me—most of the time. He's never quite sure what I'm going to do next. And for that matter, neither am I. This may sound particularly unsteady and hectic, but it helps to make living fun and not a gruesome trial.

"I don't mean that I go around like a Cheshire cat all the time or that I'm a Giggling Gertie. Far from it. And I don't mean to imply that Richard is always chortling merrily. I have my serious moments and he has his. But if he ever gets in the dumps, I just laugh at him and he does the same to me. Richard, fortunately, is not a moody person. If a woman has a husband who is given to fits of despondency, I think her only 'out' is to laugh at such moods. For my money, there's no excuse in the world for moodiness. I'd never put up with it."

Getting down to brass tacks, there are some things that any wife is confronted with when it comes to keeping her husband happy. Take the business of papa's reading the morning paper at breakfast and never commenting on a new robe fond wife is wearing. What do you do then?

"At breakfast, I don't dare open my mouth when Richard starts to read his paper," June continued, laughing. "I have now resorted to a definite system: I give him exactly ten minutes to glance through his paper and then I say, 'Put it down and let's talk.' That always works. I believe it's a (*Please turn to page* 58)

No one says "No" to Hedy now and she's getting a big kick out of her new freedom

By Fredda Dudley



To protect her glamour, studios gave Hedy list of taboos. Above: With ex-husband Gene Markey.



Hedy's a good mother in spite of fabulous film fame. Above: With 3rd ex-husband, John Loder.

TABOOS ARE OFF!



Boyer and Lamarr became the screen's top lovers when he said, "Come with me to the Casbah."



Above: Robert Cummings co-stars with Hedy in Eagle Lion's gay comedy, "Let's Live A Little."

THE TITLE of the picture which Hedy Lamarr recently completed for Eagle Lion Studios is "Let's Live A Little." This suggestion is Hedy's new life slogan as well.

Until now, Hedy will tell you, her life has been bound around by taboos of various potency and of many different types. For instance, there has been that old studio bugaboo of "You mustn't ski, Hedy. You're too likely to break an arm or a leg and be in the hospital just when you're needed for the best role of your career."

Rebellion No. 1 in Hedy's life is evidenced by the fact that she has made arrangements to go skiing just as soon as the snowpack is satisfactory in the Sierras. She already knows the rudiments of the sport, but she intends to go in for all the added excitements, perhaps even slalom racing.

Another irksome restriction has been the dictum, "You mustn't go horseback riding, Hedy. You might be thrown and seriously injured. You are too valuable a person to risk in foolish sport."

Hedy's Rebellion No. (*Please turn to page 56*)







Below: Liz Scott and Burt Lancaster in torrid scene from a Hal Wallis movie, which marked beginning of his fan following.





Above and Right: Burt Lancaster in scenes with Ann Richards and his co-star, Barbara Stanwyck, in "Sorry, Wrong Number." He next stars in Universal releases, "Criss Cross," with Yvonne De Carlo, and "Kiss The Blood Off My Hands," with Joan Fontaine, filmed by his own company, Norma Productions. Below: Bookish Burt began jet-propelled film career three years ago.



Acrobat with Both Feet On The Ground

Film femmes all want to co-star with brawny Burt

By Elizabeth Wilson

THERE was a time in the theatre when the most devastating thing you could say to someone you didn't like was, "May all your children grow up to be acrobats." That really cut 'em down to a nubbin. But all that has changed now. Ever since Mr. and Mrs. James Lancaster's boy, Burt, back-flipped from acrobat to star-producer. May all your children grow up to be acrobats is now practically synonymous with saying may your kids be millionaires.

Not that Burt Lancaster is a millionaire exactly. (*"I haven't a highly developed money sense," he says. "Around me money melts rapidly."*) But give him time, give him time. For a guy who just got started in this business less than three years ago, he's doing all right. Just about as inactive as a beaver with a power complex. His first picture, Mark Hellinger's "The Killers," established him as a star. His last completed picture, "Kiss The Blood Off My Hands," will establish him as a producer. Last Winter Burt and Harold Hecht drew up the proper papers and formed their own producing company, called Norma Productions—named after Burt's wife. They chose as their first production a novel called "Kiss The Blood Off My Hands." Burt co-stars with Joan Fontaine and also tries his hand at producing. The next film release of Norma Productions will be, he says, John Galsworthy's "The First And The Last." (*Please turn to page* 59)





Joseph Cotten

Selznick's "Portrait Of Jenny" stars Joseph Cotten as the artist who regains his sense of values through inspiring visions of *Jenny*, played by Jennifer Jones.

MORE "BIG TOP" PIX







WITHOUT a doubt the biggest event ever to take place in Hollywood was the circus benefit given for St. John's Hospital. Practically every star in the movie capital contributed his services to the worthy cause. Above: Gloria De Haven and Elizabeth Taylor, gorgeously gowned, make their way to the main tent for the colorful pageant. Below: Nelson Eddy upholds tradition of Northwest Mounted Police by aiding Connie Moore and Lucille Ball. Right, Top to Bottom: Virginia Mayo performing as a bareback rider. Diana and William Powell were the show's *Punch and Judy*. Gregory Peck *(right)*, all done up in red and white paint, cavorted with the regular Barnum and Bailey circus clowns. Dorothy Lamour greeting Eden Abbez, composer of hit song, "Nature Boy." The gala evening ended with a speech by Kay Kyser, who thought up the whole idea, and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by Jeanette MacDonald.







Luscious Lana



Above: Off screen or on, Lana's a delightful charmer. Here she keeps co-star Gene Kelly purring when they sit out a scene.



Above: As Countess de Winter, Lana is an adventuress and tool of Prime Minister Richelieu, who plans to dethrone the king.



ALL the swashbuckling adventure of Alexandre Dumas' novel has been captured on the screen in "The Three Musketeers." Gene Kelly as *D'Artagnan*, Van Heflin, Robert Coote and Gig Young as the *Three Musketeers* are reckless swordsmen, dashing romancers. And Lana Turner in the role of *Countess de Winter* is as magnetic a witch as ever plotted against her king. So fetching is Lana, it seems improbable that Gene and Co. should strive only to have her beheaded.



Above, Left: During this lusty fight between Lana and Gene, when he accuses her of spying, Lana seriously injured her arm.



Lana and Vincent Price, who plays Richelieu, plot together to overthrow the king and gain full control of the throne.



Lana, with Gene Kelly, has the perfect figure for the lavish decollete gowns she wears in "The Three Musketeers."



Impersonating one of her lovers, Gene turns the tables on Lana and beguiles her into giving him pertinent information.



Though Van Heflin, Lana's estranged husband, plans to kill her, she begs so prettily for mercy that he grants her plea.



At Gene's first meeting with the Musketeers, he wins their admiration and friendship with his skill as a swordsman.



Above: Gene relaxes to music. Right: Beplumed and bewitching, Lana has never been more beautiful nor more exciting.



Cobina Wright and Dinah Shore chat with Designer Marusia, who provided the eye-appealing styles for the Fashion Party Cobina gave in her Beverly Hills home. Champagne supper followed the show, m.c.'d by designer's husband, radio's jovial Don Wilson.

COBINA WRIGHT'S Gossip of Hollywood Parties

Fashion elegance seen at top parties of month is reported by social leader

STEP right this way, ladies and gentlemen!

Step right up if you want to read all about the most exciting event Hollywood can ever remember!

The fabulous occasion was the charity-sponsored opening of the Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey Circus here in filmland and it literally lived up to its famous billing as "The Greatest Show On Earth."

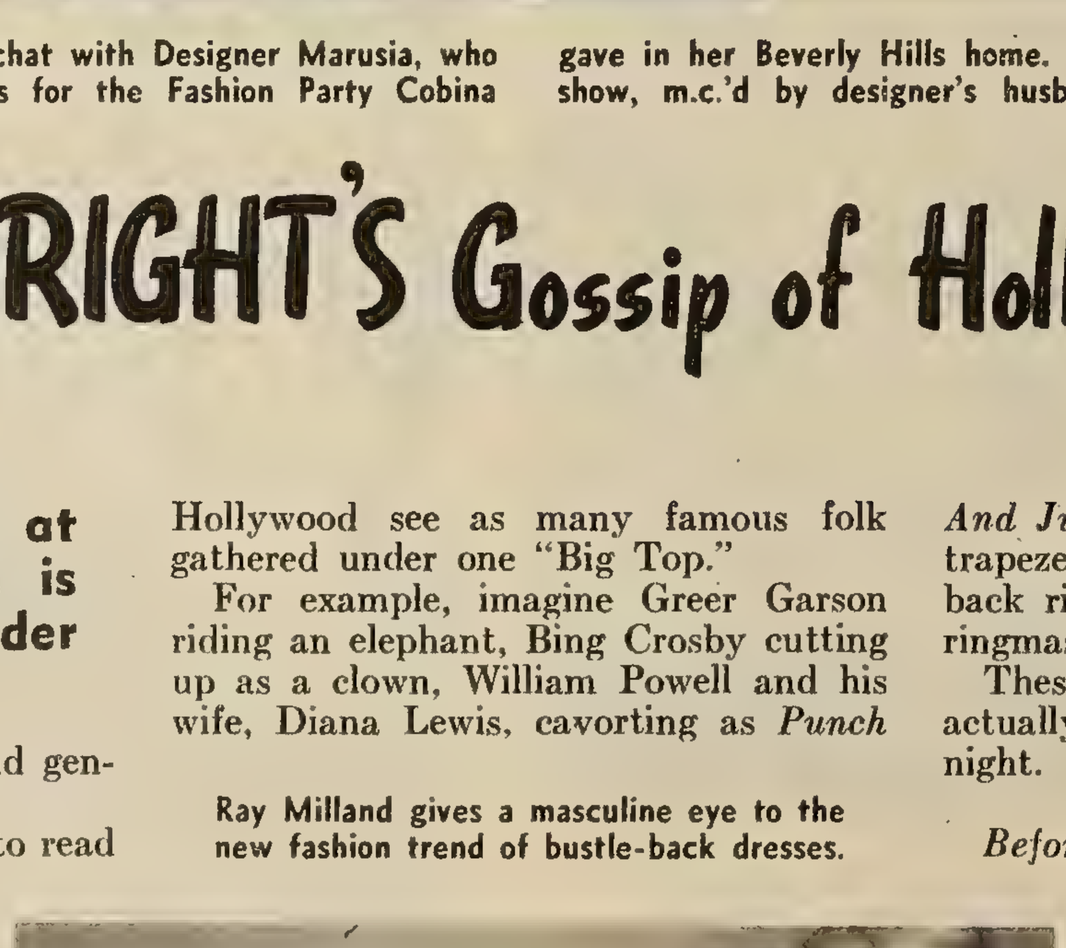
For this merging of the sawdust and the stardust trails brought out every star in the industry to participate in raising funds for St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica.

Never before has there been such a turnout of celebrities and I doubt if ever again will Hollywood see as many famous folk gathered under one "Big Top."

For example, imagine Greer Garson riding an elephant, Bing Crosby cutting up as a clown, William Powell and his wife, Diana Lewis, cavorting as *Punch And Judy*, Walter Pidgeon on a flying trapeze, Lucille Ball as a daring bareback rider and Ronald Colman playing ringmaster to a dozen midgets!

These are just a few flashes of what actually transpired on this glittering night.

Ray Milland gives a masculine eye to the new fashion trend of bustle-back dresses.



Before the show started, the hordes of fans were greeted by many of their favorite male stars, exhorting them to buy programs, peanuts and candy. Among these flashily-dressed "barkers" were Dan Dailey, Ronald Reagan, Edgar Bergen, Preston Foster, Robert Lowery, Richard Widmark and Robert Preston, all of whom were shouting themselves h o a r s e pointing out the wonders of Gargantua, the grace of the caged leopards and lions, the lengthy sleekness of the giraffes and the refreshing delights of popcorn and lemonade.

Danny Kaye launched the show (Please turn to page 62)



Constance Bennett and her husband, Col. Theron Coulter, celebrated his birthday, too, at Cobina Wright's fashion party.



Jerome Courtland, Ella Raines and Vanessa Brown perk up to admire the dress worn by Binnie Barnes at Cobina's party.



Dinah Shore, Ann Miller and Letiza Vanderbilt model dresses of the same design, worn in different ways, at Marusia's show.



Bill Spier, radio producer, Loren Tindell, Nancy Kelly and William Eythe enjoy Cobina's champagne supper following show.



Judy Garland, Carlton Alsop and June Havoc were interested watchers of show celebrating Marusia's first year as designer. Right: Dinah Shore, in dress designed for her British tour.



In her role of a mental patient in "The Snake Pit," Olivia de Havilland gives a grimly brilliant portrayal that has Hollywood predicting an Academy Award.



Olivia's hesitant groping through the tortuous mazes of insanity, her heartbreaking terror and delusion and bewildered attempts to regain her sanity in "The Snake Pit," are superbly authentic.





Another Award?

In "The Snake Pit," a 20th Century-Fox film, Olivia is a beautiful, intelligent girl transformed into a tormented slattern. Hers is an exacting performance worthy of Hollywood's highest honors.





Above: Emotionally, physically exhausting, devoid of glamour, it's Olivia's most demanding role.





Olivia de Havilland

20th Century-Fox stars Olivia de Havilland in "The Snake Pit," based on the novel by Mary Jane Ward which dramatizes the care and cure of a mental patient.

SWITCHEROO FOR JANE





Above: Jane with Bob Hope, her co-star in "The Paleface," a Paramount picture. Jane's the kind of girl Bob likes best; honest, straightforward.



JANE RUSSELL'S period costumes in "The Paleface" for her role of a gun-totin' government agent, who's out to liquidate a band of renegades smuggling guns to the Injuns, don't obliterate her lush magnetism one bit. The sexiness she displayed in her first film, "The Outlaw," is still there, but leavened by the horseplay and humor of this Bob Hope travesty on Wild West epics. Jane (above), on the lawn by the pool of her home in the San Fernando valley, likes this role for just that reason. Being sultry constantly is tedious work! Right: Jane repairs her makeup prior to a scene. Below Left: "Antiqued" for the final scenes in "The Paleface," Jane chats with Director Norman McLeod. Below Right: Some bearskins in a tepee are ideal for Jane's between-scenes nap.





Cugie temporarily swaps his Chihuahua for Lauritz Melchior's Great Dane on "Luxury Liner" set.



"It's the toughest job in the world to be married to a bandleader," says Xavier Cugat, with his wife, Lorraine Allen, at Ciro's.





Left: Cugat, accompanying singer Lina Romay, says of his band, which is his most important business venture: "To keep a band together, you have to have a sense of responsibility toward them." Below: Richard Whorf, "Luxury Liner" director, becomes a Cugat caricature. Cugat is working now on a comic strip called Uncle Chihuahua. He has so many sidelines that his life is a constant state of confusion and activity.



How Busy Can You Get?

By Lynn Bowers

Energetic and talented, Cugat is one of the busiest men in the world

"IT'S the toughest job in the world to be married to a bandleader." That's the statement made by Xavier Cugat, a bandleader himself. This is a somewhat left-handed compliment to his wife, Lorraine Allen, but there are good reasons behind this startling statement, as you will presently see.

Cugie doesn't mean *all* bandleaders are problem husbands but he knows he is. So he works twice as hard as the average husband to compensate for the things which make it a tough job to be married to him.

Not so long ago there was a great deal of gossip and chatter about the Cugats —and some action, too, when Cugie took a poke at a guy he thought was paying too much attention to his bride at Mocambo, while he was busy making with the rhythm at Ciro's. Everyone but Cugie and the guy who got punched took it as a big joke, just another incident in an epidemic of one-punch fights along the Strip. But it wasn't funny to Cugie.

It's all according to where and how you're brought up, he thinks. He was born and raised (*Please turn to page* 64)

Cugat's "Trademarks" are his miniature Chihuahuas, Tico and Taco.



"Success has definitely given me more than it has taken away," insists Bette Davis, currently starring in Warner Bros. modern, sparkling comedy, "June Bride," with Robert Montgomery. "Not only assurance in my work, but in my personal life as well."

Success—Take It Or Leave It!

Bette Davis candidly sums up the benefits and sacrifices success in Hollywood brings

By Alice L. Tildesley

MORE than one actor has told me that Hollywood success is dangerous. Actors have sighed that in achieving fame they've lost much more. Just WHAT does success in Hollywood give, and what does it take away?

I decided to discuss the matter with Hollywood's top-ranking star, Bette Davis, who certainly should know.

Just off the set of "June Bride," her first comedy in many years, she joined me in the Warner Bros. Green Room. Her ash-blonde hair had a lovely sheen, her blue eyes sparkled, she was all animation. Edith Head had created her brown dress of deceptively simple cut. All in all, Bette looked most attractive, and, as usual, was interested in answering my questions.

"To begin with," she said, "success has definitely given me more than it has taken away. I do not belong to the school of successful people who mourn, 'If I could only go back to that little stone hut, where I used to be so happy and so poor!' I wouldn't go back for the world, though I wouldn't have missed any part of it."

Bette is convinced that there are gifts that would never have been hers if she had not succeeded in her profession, among these, assurance and confidence in herself. "Not only assurance in my work, but in my personal life as well. I can meet people with confidence, feeling I am welcome. Success is a kind of guaranty that you are excluded from nothing."

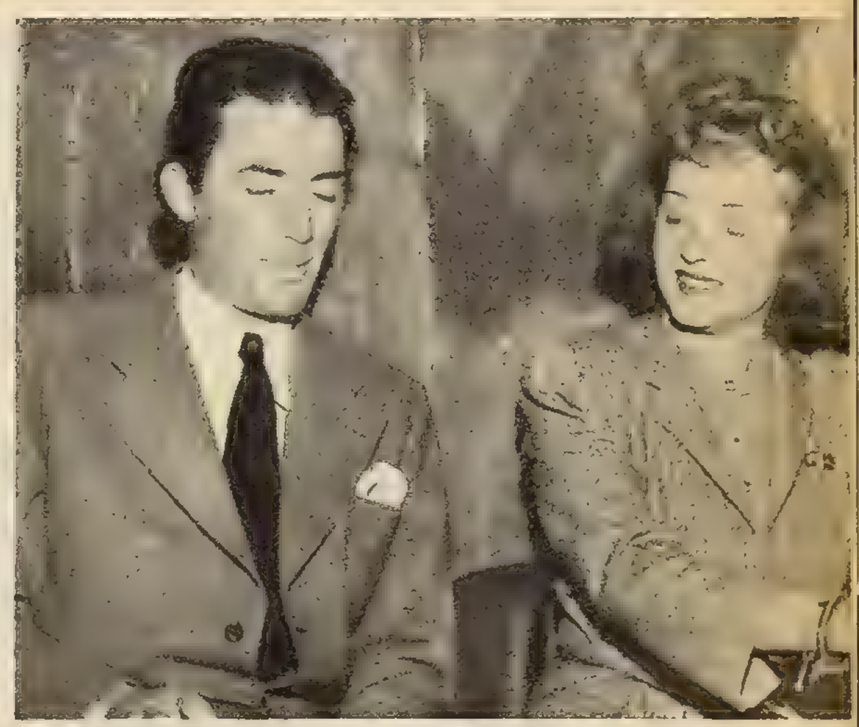
Bette Davis and Producer Henry Blanke in serious discussion between scenes of Warners' "June Bride."

On the other side of the ledger, however, is the lack of personal privacy. Famous people can never count on passing unnoticed. Not for them is the quick trip to the corner drugstore when aspirin tablets run out, or there are no more of their special brand of cigarettes in the house. If one is wise, one will leave unglamourous outdoor duties undone when maids or *(Please turn to page 66)*









While Bette Davis states: "The greatest benefit from all my success has been the feeling of inner security I have acquired as a person," she says of material things, "I'm able to live the sort of life that appeals to me;" the forfeiting of her right to be a "human being" is where success has taken its toll the most. About her daughter (below), Bette frankly admits: "Success also has robbed me of the chance to devote all my time to my daughter. Barbara is at the enchanting age, and I'm missing so much of her."

Top: Bette Davis in a scene from "June Bride."
Above: With Greg Peck on Radio Theatre show.



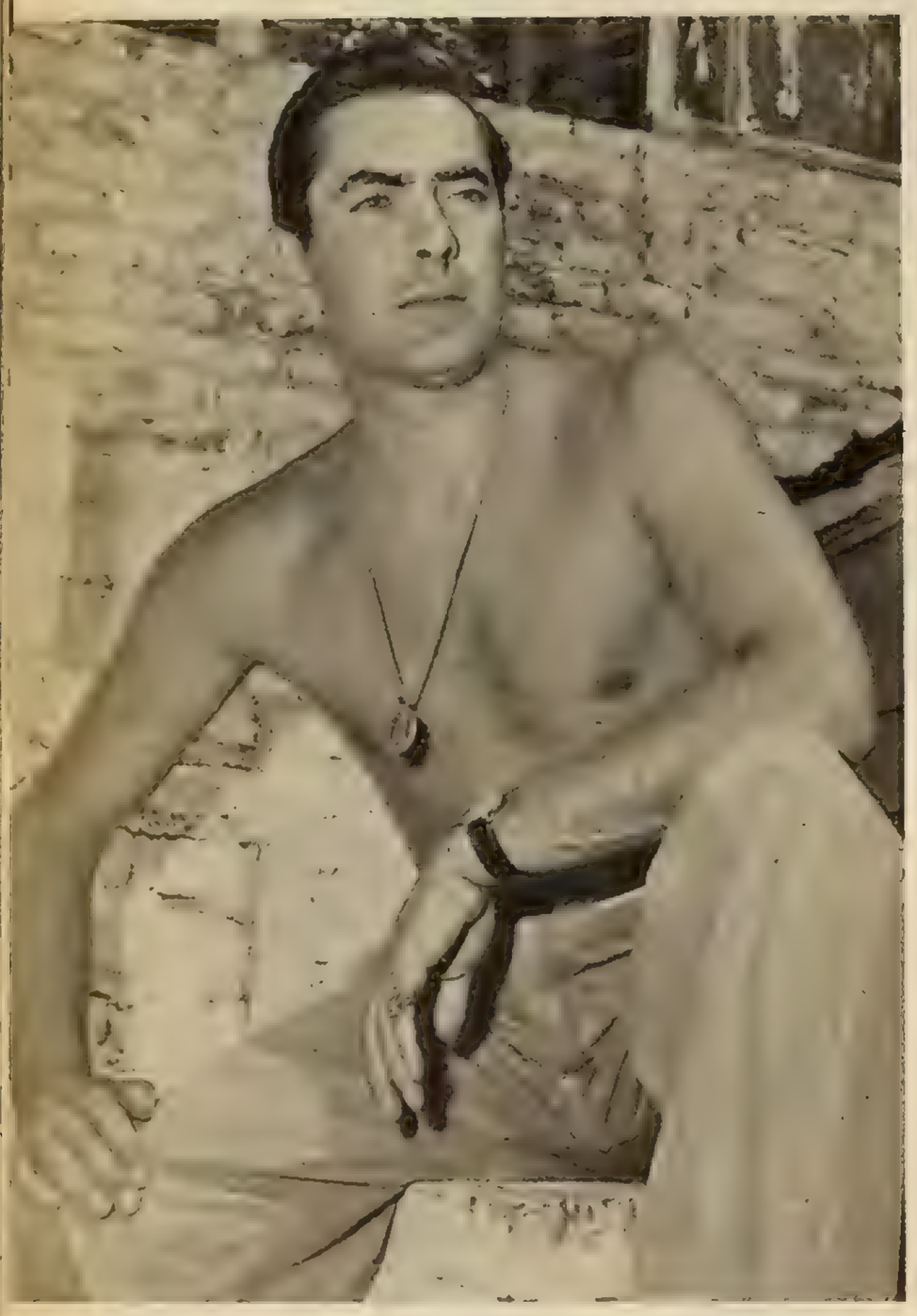


Above: Bette, her mother at Hollywood premiere.
Below: With Bob Montgomery in "June Bride."

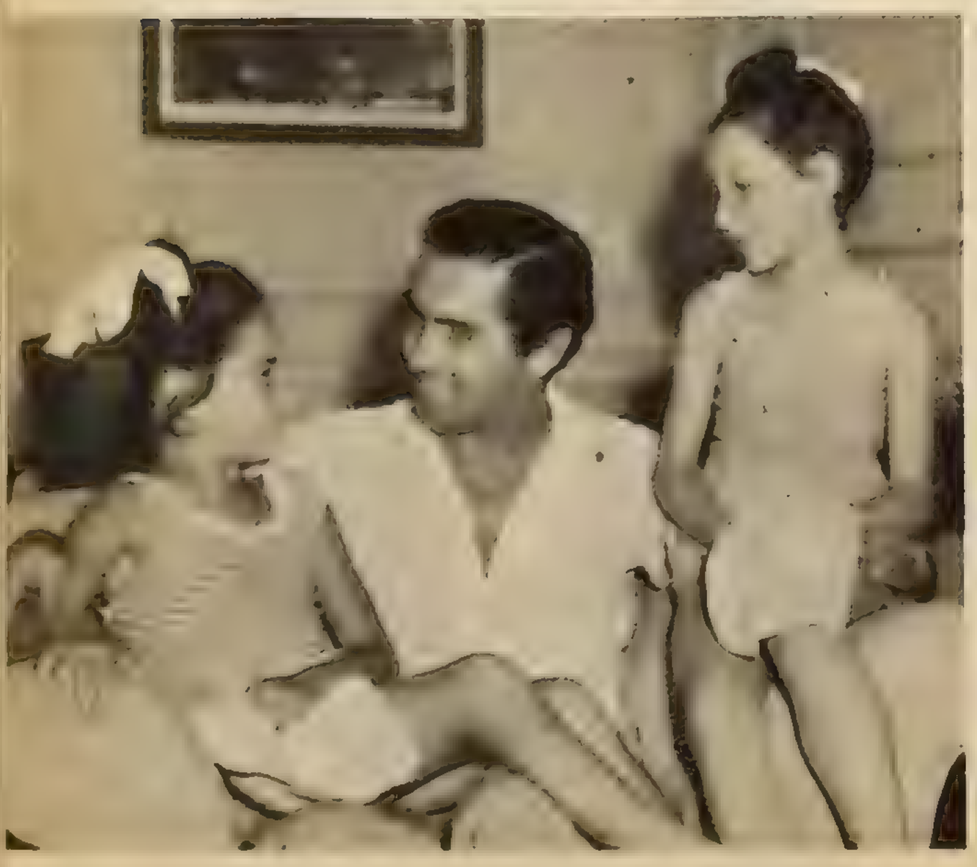




Hollywood's most provocative romancers, Ty and Linda are mum on where, when they'll wed.



Above: Ty at home. Below: With needy Italian youngsters aided by Ty's benefit air show.





Linda Christian's the red-headed charmer for whom Tyrone Power eagerly forsook all others after he first met her in Rome. She returned to Italy for a vacation and to attend her sister's wedding there, but mainly to be with Tyrone during the filming of his new picture, "Prince Of Foxes," in Rome for 20th Century-Fox Films studio.

The Next Mrs. Ty Power?



Lucille Ball

co-starring in "INTERFERENCE"

An RKO Radio Picture

Deltah's

Talisman

necklace–

the gift

magnificent!

No gift could be more thrilling than *Deltah's* new TALISMAN simulated pearl necklace! Lustrous and luminous, this shimmering strand of fine simulated pearls will add luxury to every costume, daytime or night. Expertly matched and graduated single strand, in striking jade-color Chinese type treasure chest . . . $24.50. Double strand $34.50, triple strand $44.50. Other popular *Deltah* necklaces from $3.00.

L. HELLER & SON, INC., FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



AT BETTER JEWELERS

Deltah

SIMULATED PEARLS

AT

BETTER

JEWELERS

EVERYWHERE

Social, lovable "Butch" is just about the laziest guy on earth

By Zachary Scott





Cesar Romero's great sense of humor is an asset at any party. He helps M'Liss McClure to high chair at starlet's christening.

Just Call Him "Butch"

Above: Cesar "Butch" Romero joins the Zachary Scotts at premiere. Below: Butch likes a party any hour of the day or night—adores dancing!

Below: Cesar with Betty Grable in 20th Century-Fox's "That Lady In Ermine."



HERE'S one for you to think over: A guy goes on a personal appearance tour to Saskatchoo in the Great Northwest and there finds that no one ever heard of Gloria Goldilocks who won last year's Gallup Poll, Oscar, Ocarina, and Newspaper Critics' Award. But every citizen in Saskatchoo will ask you if you can get an autographed photograph of Cesar Romero for him.

You go on location to Sorrel Maverick, Arizona, where a shod foot has never before trod and where they think "Boyer" is a high school yell, and the first thing you know half the town will demand to know why Cesar Romero isn't on location, too.

You go to the President's Birthday Ball, as my wife and I once did, and who is pestered to death by autograph hounds of all ages, sexes, and states of grace? A guy named Romero.

You open a batch of fan mail directed to almost anyone in Hollywood, and in the batch you will find—not addressed to Mr. Cesar Romero, but directed at his friends—this poignant query: What is Butch really like?

It is my pleasure to accede to popular demand and tell all I know about one of my best friends, Mr. Cesar (*Butch*) Romero. Incidentally, the nickname "Butch" was originally applied to Cesar because he is one of the gentlest, most mannerly of men.

He is brilliant, sensitive, talented, loyal, humorous, lovable—and just about the laziest guy on earth. He is nervous, he will sit for hours twiddling a ring, pulling it off and on. He has spent so much time dancing professionally that it is almost impossible to get the man on his feet to dance for recreation, but once he is started, there is no way to stop him. He is good at anything he undertakes, *(Please turn to page 67)*





Waverly thinks Zach's a wonderful father when Elaine calls for discipline. His punishments are sugar-coated, but very effective.

Banjo-eyed Zach's a homebody any woman would like to have around

By Cesar Romero



The Name Is "Banjo"

Below: Warners cast Zach in love scene with Janis Paige and fans yelled for more.



Above: The Scotts enjoy quiet evening at home. Below: Sydney Greenstreet, Diana Lynn, Louis Hayward give Zachary the works in "Ruthless."



A GOOD many glib people have tried to describe friendship, but anyone who has had a solid friend knows that the definitions are never particularly successful. Friendship is a package deal, so the identification of any one single item of the relationship isn't enough. A person finds it necessary to tell about a number of things, some good, some bad; some funny, some sad. Some hair-raising —which brings me to my pal, Zachary Scott, who nearly scared me to death one night.

It happened this way. When my father fell desperately ill and our house was crowded with the usual members of the family plus three nurses, Zach and Elaine Scott invited me to move into their guest suite. I accepted with alacrity and gratitude. At the time Zach was in the midst of making a picture which was working on location about ninety miles north of Los Angeles. Despite the miserable weather, he was driving back and forth each day. Even when the company was doing night shooting, Zach buckled into his car and came home as soon as possible.

One drizzling three a. m. I was dead to the world in slumber when a powerful hand gripped my shoulder. Coming out of coma slowly, I opened one eye against the glare of the one night-light that had been turned on. I closed that eye promptly, acting on the theory that if I didn't see what I thought I saw it would go away. It did not go away. It shook my shoulder and said in a plaintive whisper, "Butch, wake up. I think you'd better drive me to the hospital."

There stood poor Zach, waiting patiently. There was a two-inch gash across his forehead which was welling blood. His nose, his cheek, his neck and his shirt were gory.

I struggled to *(Please turn to page 69)*



Above: Ella Raines, who plays the romantic lead, the only woman's role, in Columbia's "The Walking Hills," with her husband, Maj. Robin Olds, at the Stork Club.

Ella Goes Cowgirl Again

Sand and sun are important props in the filming of Columbia's "The Walking Hills," super Western thriller which follows the adventurous trail of seven men in their search for a missing wagon-train of gold. Below: Randolph Scott, Ella Raines and Edgar Buchanan seek comfort of shade on Death Valley location.





Ella Raines' bluejeans stole scenes in first Western, "Tall In The Saddle." Above: With Bill Bishop. Below: Ed Buchanan spins yarns for Ella Raines, Randolph Scott, William Bishop and part of technical crew between scenes of "The Walking Hills."

Love is served in this scene from "The Walking Hills" when Ella Raines, Western femme fatale, joins the seven-man search for the lost wagon-train, and finds William Bishop, her husband, who deserted her after committing a murder in self-defense.







Ingrid Bergman, starring in the coveted title role of "Joan Of Arc," greets MGM star Clark Gable when he visits set of the Sierra Pictures' Technicolor film for RKO release.



Joan's weighty armor doesn't hinder Bergman's talent for creating deep emotion.



Dressing Ingrid in armor is a lengthy and painstaking job for Wardrobe Department.

Ingrid's Greatest Role



Above: Ingrid records scene with her own movie camera. Right: Star's suit of white aluminum armor was hand-tailored by the Armorer of N. Y.'s Metropolitan Museum.



Right: One of the highlight scenes shows Joan listening to Saints' voices.





Anita Colby models a shell pink strapless organdy gown over matching taffeta with hand-painted sash and bodice top. The balloon-sleeved bolero replaces a wrap, the fan's for flirting.



Formally elegant is Anita Colby's cocoa brown slipper satin gown with standing collar, sleeves and dramatic back fullness.



Evening vests are the Winter fashion note, according to Edith Head. They can be worn with a variety of skirts, and made with bare or covered backs.

(Edith Head, who creates beautiful gowns for the stars of Paramount, brings you fashion news from the West Coast. This month she talks about the return of elegance for evening.)

Edith Head Says

The Fashion News Of The Month
is the evening vest. It is one of the smartest and easiest ways to bring glamour into your wardrobe. It is simple to make and can be worn with any kind of skirt. Interchange your vests and skirts and you'll have twice as many dresses to wear. Loretta Young, who has just finished "The Accused," has a black velvet vest with a slim white dinner skirt in her personal wardrobe. The vest is backless and buckles at the sides with jeweled clips. That same vest could be worn with a pleated black crepe skirt or a full, pale pink velvet skirt. A vest like the one sketched could also be worn over a long sleeved white chiffon blouse and a short separate skirt, for a stunning cocktail dress. Wear it beneath a dark suit and you're ready for a "special suit" occasion.

* * *

Let's Be Gay
During the war it was the patriotic thing to wear day clothes in the evening. The same was true of the post-war period because of labor and fabric shortages. At that time, many things were more important than formal clothes and it was intelligent to forgo glamour. But now we have gone back to the formality we had before the war. It is a reflec- *(Please turn to page 71)*

Edith Head



Betty Hutton's black satin overskirt detaches from the slim skirt beneath; the draped bolero covers a formal pink chiffon bodice.



Phyllis Calvert adds white violets to the neck of a black faille bodice and the wrists of both short gloves.



With the same blouse, Phyllis Calvert teams a matching black faille skirt for a fashionable and a formal evening ensemble.

The suit which Dona Drake wears in "The Girl From Jones Beach," is made of bright blue and white pareau cloth, which Travilla brought back from Tahiti. Working from a rough sketch (top circle) Travilla fitted the suit to Dona (lower circle) and the result is a striking success.

Anne Baxter plays the only woman's role in 20th Century-Fox's Technicolor outdoor adventure drama, and is seen throughout most of the picture garbed in form-fitting bluejeans, with sidearms to protect her from both rattlesnakes and bandits.





The Heat's Terrific!

Above: Gregory Peck and Anne Baxter, on location for 20th Century-Fox's "Yellow Sky," defy the sweltering heat of Death Valley to enact love scenes that will raise your temperature above the boiling point. Below: Anne Baxter looks cool in 132 degree heat. She uses the rifle in the picture to guard the gold mine she and her grandfather are working in Yellow Sky, ghost town which six fugitive bandits of Civil War era use as their hideout.

Below: Anne Baxter enjoys rest on boulder. Right: Greg Peck, in Civil War uniform, cleans his gun for scene in "Yellow Sky."









Wanda Hendrix, Monty Woolley and Barry Fitzgerald with John Lund in "Miss Tatlock's Millions," Paramount film.



In quest of a fortune in the picture, John is forced most of time to pose as Wanda Hendrix's nincompoop brother.



Ilka Chase as Cassie Van Alen and John as the masquerading half-wit. It's Ilka who finds John to be an imposter.



Another of John Lund's current successes is "Night Has A Thousand Eyes" in which he appears with Gail Russell.

Screenland salutes John Lund

FINALLY coming into his own is John Lund, handsome and talented Paramount player, who, now, after his outstanding performance in "Miss Tatlock's Millions," more than merits full-fledged stardom. It's his fifth screen role since he made a brilliant debut opposite Olivia de Havilland in "To Each His Own." But in "Miss Tatlock's Millions" John has by far the most complex role of any he's yet played for he enacts a movie stunt man who's hired to double for a missing, half-witted heir to millions. John is continually alternating between light comedy, heavy daffiness and romantic love-making, for it develops that Wanda Hendrix as *Nancy Tatlock* is supposedly his sister. John first showed how well he can play comedy in "A Foreign Affair," with Jean Arthur and Marlene Dietrich. Off-screen you won't find a more modest, unassuming and yet personable man than John. He's studied hard, been patient and at last success is his.





John Lund with Director Billy Wilder during the filming of "A Foreign Affair."

FRED ROBBINS



"The Robbins rogue himself with "his favs in live jive platters.

Right off the Record

Mellow or bluesy, there's a fetching etching in wax to give or take come Christmastide

HYA, Rose!
Got your mistletoes?
You better sew up those toes,
Or Saint Nick'll have woes!

And you'll have no nifty gifties for chime time! 'Cause the old guy in the red drape with the big saddlebag on his shoulder is flyin' home on Donder and Blitzen once more. Aside from all the usual goodies you've been hurting for all through '48, there's a mess of nice wax for that ear, dear. It's gonna fit perfectly on the new record player you'll find 'neath that tinseled pine, come the early bright of the 25th. So dig carefully and you'll know how to break it in right!

HEAVENLY!

Vic Damone: What nice moanin' from Da Moan! And on one of the most goose-pimply songs you'll hear all year, "The Night Has A Thousand Eyes," from the celluloid of the same handle. First comes the beguine tempo, and then Vickie's fine adenoids to K.O. you. He really knocks the liver and lights out of it, 'cause it's a singer's song if ever there was one—lotsa range and most lyrical and melodic. Flip is 'bout that hunk of hoe-cake "Lillette" and bounces lightly and brightly. *(Mercury)*

Carmen Miranda and the Andrews Sisters: Something new has been added to the Andrews chicks, a fourth—at least for this slab—Carmen, who stirs in a sack of spice and pepper on "Cuanto La Gusta," from "Date From Judy." Means "How Do You Like It," does this happy hunk of nonsense with the Miranda bombshell exploding all *(Pease turn to page 60)*







Above: Eagle Lion's baby canary, Lois Butler, now starring in "Mickey," trades turntable talk with Fred Robbins during an appearance on his WOV airshow. Above Right: Hazel Scott plays the lace around the gingerbread with her boff keyboard capers on the Robbins' Nest while music maestro Fred Robbins watches safely from above the keyboard. Right: Kitty Kallen of the lush larynx, stops by the Robbins show to spin a platter and trade a lyric with disc jockey Fred Robbins.

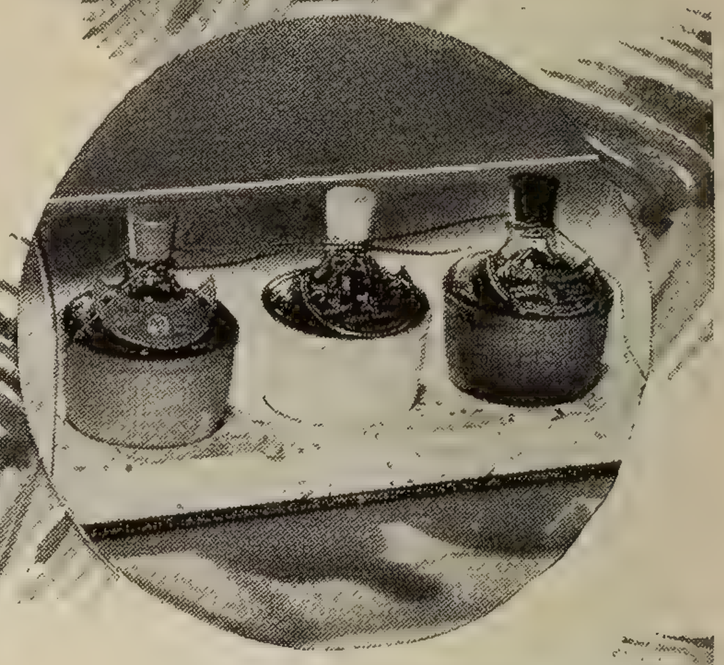
TREE OF FRAGRANCE

By Courtenay Marvin

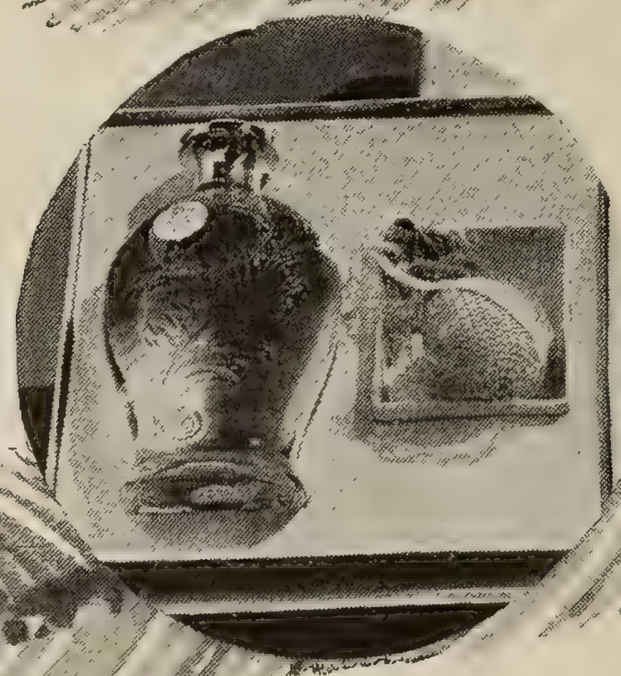
The sweetest way to tell

your Christmas story is in

the ardent language of perfume



Roger & Gallet put Fleurs d'Amour, Blue Carnation and Night of Delight eau de cologne in dainty demijohns. $3.00.



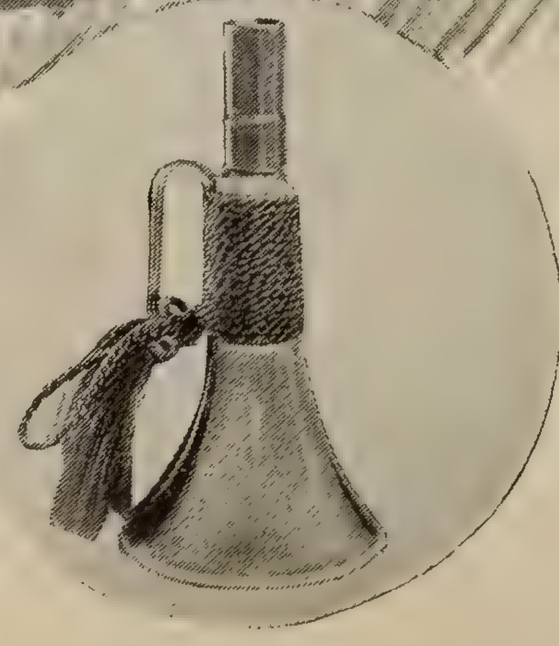
The sweet, haunting fragrance of Wrisley's Blue Fern cologne is gift-boxed with that extra-plus, an atomizer. $2.00.



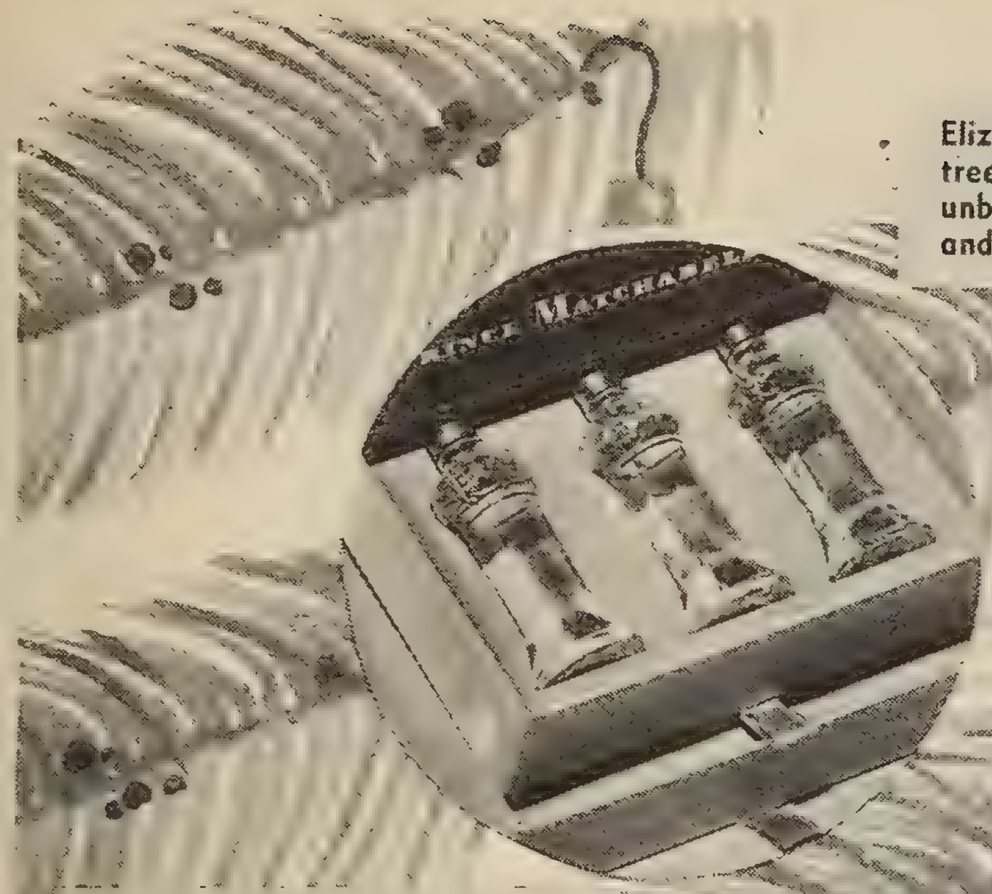
Lentheric stars, to hang on a tree, gleam with replicas of larger bottles of Shanghai, A Bientot and Tweed. $5.75.



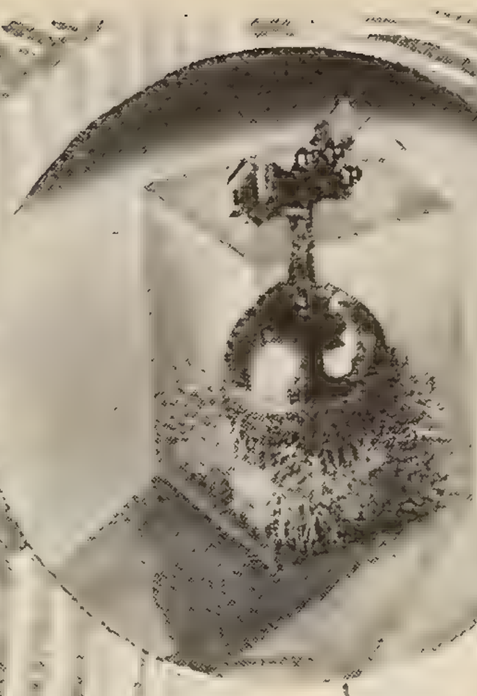
Star Fire, by Old South, is gaily packaged, new, lovely. Perfume and toilet water each sell in sizes from $1.25 up.



Charbert's golden cologne trumpet heralds fragrance in Breathless, Fabulous or Amber at $3; The French Touch, $3.25.



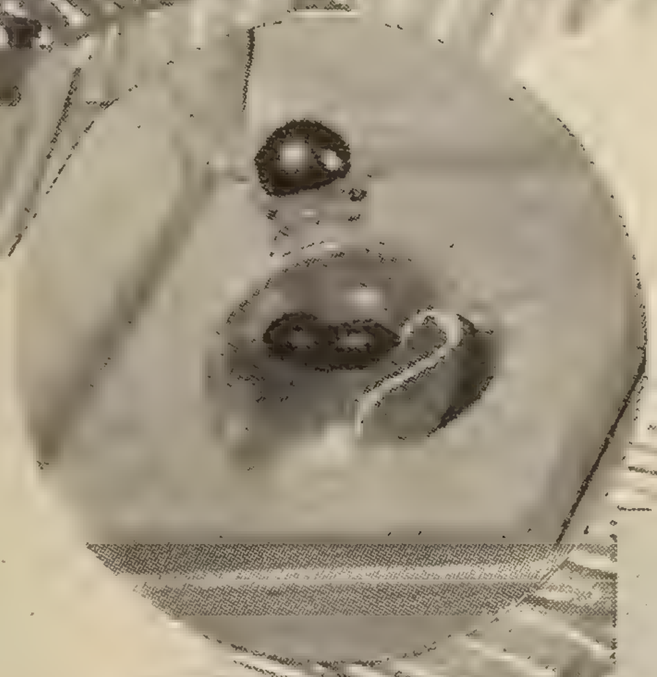
Six cologne versions of the beloved Prince Matchabelli perfumes in a black and cerise collection chest. $3.25.



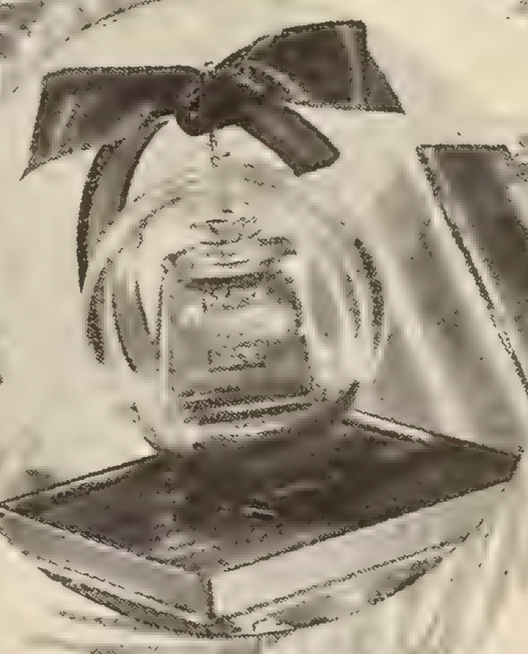
Elizabeth Arden's Christmas tree ball, brilliant, blue, unbreakable, and inside Day and Night perfume. $5.00.



Twins in toilet water, April Showers and Frolic, by Cheramy, in a festive duet box, for beneath her tree. $2.50.



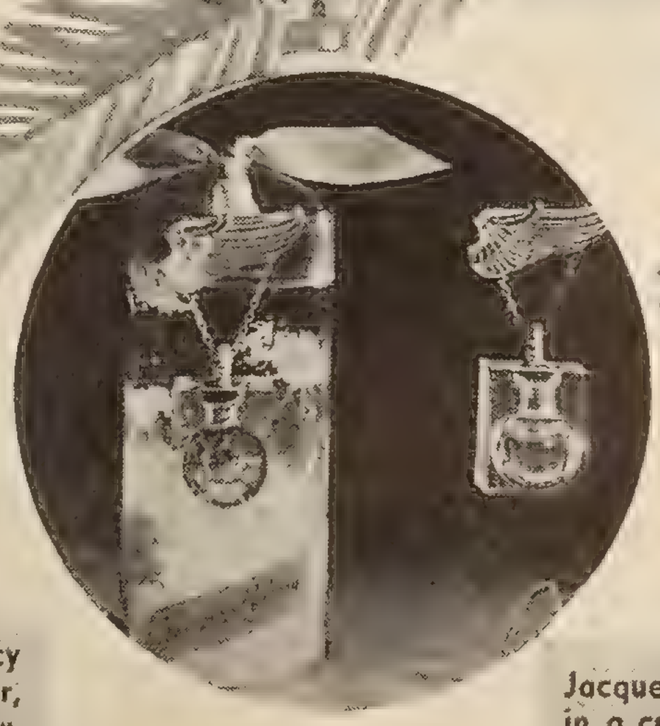
Savoir Faire, Dorothy Gray's new perfume, is as its name implies, sophisticated and very of this moment. $5.00.



Coty's crystal ball, on a plastic stand, holds any one of the four Coty perfume classics and is $3.50.



A cologne with the potency of a perfume, Best Seller, by Helena Rubinstein, is new, from a French formula. $2.50.



Jacqueline Cochran imprisons in a cube suspended from a pin her Shining Hour perfume. With a tiny refilling funnel. $5.00.

*All prices on this page subject to 20% Federal tax.



Linda Darnell and her husband, Cameraman Pev Marley, arriving for the opening of the "Ice Follies." Linda's latest is "Unfaithfully Yours."

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About

Continued from page 21

Roy, Joe Schenck, Hal and Lucille Roach, Gail Patrick and Cornwall Jackson, Bess and Mike Curtiz, and the Bill Perlbergs.

It was a tres gai *and very beautiful party and I was just real glad that I'd got up before dawn and driven down from Lake Tahoe that day in time to make it.*

—o—

More people than anybody went to Tahoe this season—and especially Hollywood people, in spite of the fact that it's almost five hundred miles from our town. After spending a few days there myself, I'm not surprised. Wow, what a beautiful spot! Hedy Lamarr takes yearly vacations there, also the Sam Goldwyns. Kay Williams Spreckels spent more than the usual six weeks (*for her divorce from Adolph Spreckels—before she changed her mind*) on the lake on account of she likes it so well. And Bob Stack loves it for water-skiing, even though his house did burn down up thar.

—o—

Had much fun at the party Bob and his attractive mother, Betzi Stack, gave for Jeanette MacDonald after her tremendously successful concert at the Hollywood Bowl. Jeanette looked strikingly beautiful in a white gown which set off the golden tan she acquired in Honolulu. Diana Lynn looked pert and perty even though her broken arm was in a sling, the result of an unrehearsed slip in the bathtub. We had lots of laughs with John Lund, who is now referred to as "Loverboy" by his cute wife, Marie—a gal with a sensayuma. You should see the way the gals and guys cluster around John since his terrific success in "A Foreign Affair." Also had fun with Irene Dunne, who gets younger and beautifuler every day. The Stack shack up on a Bel-Air hilltop is quite a beautiful establishment and the party, which began at midnight, was still going on when we left at I won't tell you what hour in the ayem.

—o—

Ran into the Lunds again a few nights later at a farewell party for Danny Blum, editor of Theatre World, who was going back to New York. And, of all things, guess what that Lund character has! A wristwatch with an alarm which rings loud enough to wake him up in time to get into those tights for his lead role in "A Mask For Lucretia." Also met Richard Hart and his wife at this shindig. Dick is a mighty handsome boy and has his best role to date in "Reign Of Terror," which Walter Wanger is making at Eagle Lion.

—o—

Same night we went on to a party at Ted Wick's—he's radio director for David O. Selznick—and had lots of laffs with Barbara Bel Geddes and her favorite husband, Carl Schreuer. Listened to the dreamy piano playing of Edie and Rack, who were about to start their tour of the U. S. with an appearance at Mocambo. Met Christian Kelleen, the new Swedish heart throb, who's under contract to Mr. Selznick. Johnny Sands was there with a gal from San Francisco. Connie Lupino, Ida's mom, was lots of fun. Broadway columnist Radie Harris, who was having a mad whirl in Hollywood; Gertrude Walker, whose ruff tuff novel, "So Deadly Fair," is a big success. It was a real keen—and also late—shindig.

—o—

Next day Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon had tons of people at their beach house in Santa Monica for the afternoon and evening. Ben came in beaming because he'd won the 20th Century-Fox tennis tournament. Dottie Lamour puzzled us for a moment—looked as if one shoulder was quite a bit lower than the other. We investigated and found out why—the pocket on the low-shoulder side was weighted down with 1,864 pictures of her handsome son, Ridge. After dinner we played word games with Sally Cobb, Bill and Bobbie Perlberg, Harriet Parsons, Cookie Gordon, and Richard Lyon, Ben and Bebe's thirteen-year-old son. He won most of the games, too. Hostess Bebe was about to kick off with her first production for Eagle Lion, called "Catch Me Before I Kill."

—o—

If Texas ever secedes from the Union, it looks as if California—or at least Hollywood—will have to go right along with it. On account of all the Texas fellers who are out here and going into movie production. The boys from the Lone Star state turned out en masse, but without their boots and spurs, for the party in the Bel-Air Hotel Garden Room which Tex and Jayne Feldman gave for the Bob O'Donnells. Bob is the very popular head of Inter-State Theatres, which are in Texas of course, of course. Flame-haired Greer Garson was with her new flame, Buddy Fogelson, a Texas oil boy. Jack Wrather, another native from down yonder, with his wife, Bonita Granville. And Richard Foote, who makes his singing debut in "Streets Of Laredo." Non-Texans at the party: Petey Lawford, the Henry Ginsbergs, author John van Druten, Red and Georgia Skelton, the Lloyd Nolans, Bob and Dolores Hope. Hope you-all will pardon my Southern accent —it's catching!

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From that nice party we went to Slapsy Maxie's to catch that fabulously funny comedy team, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, who kept the entire town in stitches during their appearance. They're two awful cute guys with one of the best night-club acts ever to come to Hollywood. Dean is swoony looking, swoony singing and Jerry is so engaging that you want to put him in your pocket. We weren't surprised to see Betty Hutton there with her Ted and the Van Heflins. She's mad about the boys and this was the umpteenth time she'd come to see them. Dean and Jerry have a cute gimmick of getting the customers in on the act and they had no trouble persuading Esther Williams and Ben Gage to sing—also Bob Preston. The team has had many offers in Hollywood, so you'll be seeing them on the screen one of these days and *don't* say I didn't tell you that they'll have you in the aisles with their comedy.

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We dropped in for a short beer at Maggie Ettinger's cocktail party for Mimi Chandler, daughter of baseball's "Happy" Chandler. Mimi is a very attractive and clever gal, one of the few femme disc jockeys in the country. We had a long talk with Mike Curtiz and nary once did he utter one of those screwball remarks he's so famous for. Eve Arden showed up, looking ever so sharp, as usual. She's one of Hollywood's best-dressed women. Hated to leave before the party really got going but—

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Had a date to go see my pal Gertrude Niesen in "Anything Goes." Gertie was

a real hit in this famous show, with audience and cast alike. We went backstage afterward and, while we were waiting, joined up with Van and Frances Heflin in a few thousand words of admiration for Gertie, who is one heck of a performer. Said good-bye to Gertie, who was leaving for a long engagement in Houston, Texas. Like we said, if Texas is invading Hollywood, Gertie is reversing the situation. She's had enough offers from that state alone to keep her busy for the next year.

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Harriet Parsons' ma, Louella, gave her dotter one of the most beautiful birthday parties on record a coupla weeks after she returned from Europe. Complete with tent, orchestra, dance floor, some of the best vittles this side of a gourmet's dream, and a gang of gay, fun people. There was some right fine square dancing, led by LOP, and a Charleston contest that Sally Cobb won —not in a walk, either. Betty Hutton told us about the things she'd done to keep her two little girls amused while she went to London for her personal appearance at the Palladium. She'd recorded all of Lindsay's favorite lullabies so the nurse could play them at bedtime, had bought toy boats and hotels and theatres for every step of the trip so the nurse could explain just where Betty was and what she was doing all the time. Great gal, that Hutton—and a wonderful mother.

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Amid all this confusion, however, we did manage to get down to the La Jolla Playhouse to see "The Glass Menagerie" with Ann Harding, Richard Basehart, Betsy Blair, who in private life is Mrs. Gene Kelly, and John Ireland. After the theatre we went back to the Casa de Manana where we were staying and there was much excitement among the kids in the cast. On account of Gar Moore and Nancy Walker were going to Mexico to be married that night. We were asked to go along but not being fond of late hours —not much!—had to beg off. After the wedding Gene Kelly gave the newlyweds a supper at Tiajuana's Havana Club, where the m.c. got a little confused and announced that Gene Kelly had married Nancy Walker. Gene was a little confused, too, since his wife was sitting right there beside him. Just for the record, Gar is the handsome new Selznick star and Nancy is the Broadway comedienne who was such a success in "Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'."

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Later we stayed at La Jolla's newest resort, Summer House, which is but deevine, and saw a rehearsal of "Ultramarine," with Diana Lynn, Reggie Gardiner, and Gar Moore. As we checked out of Summer House, Ida Lupino and her entire wedding party including her groom, Collier Young, moved in, amid much excitement. After a short honeymoon there Ida and Collie moved into their peachy new house up in Laurel Canyon.

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Had a small talk with Ava Gardner after the preview of "One Touch Of Venus" and she was all flushed and happy over the reception given it by the audience. Ava, who shivered through a lot of that picture in a slightly scanty Goddess costume, went through another gruelling experience while she was making "The Bribe" with Bob Taylor. Clad in a still scantier white two-piece bathing suit, she's taking a dip for herself, see, and she lets out a loud scream and scrambles back out of the pool. Because her director, Pop Leonard, had put a huge cake of ice in the pool without her knowing it. The water was just above zero—not Ava's favorite temperature when she's going swimming!

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Remember that cute guy, Richard Jaeckel, who was such a hit in "Guadalcanal Diary?" If you do, you know that he gave up his motion picture career after he came back from the Merchant Marine. Well, now Dick's decided maybe he was a little hasty in throwing away the good start he'd made as an actor. He says he's grown up a bit and is beginning to appreciate the advantages of a motion picture career. He acquitted himself so well in "West Of Tomorrow" that his home studio, 20th Century-Fox, is going to give him another contract.

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Larry Parks has made up with his studio, Columbia, and has reported for work in the sequel to the money-making "Jolson Story," called "Jolson Sings Again." And that other rebel, Cornel Wilde, is now more or less happy with Hollywood and his bosses. Reason: He was given an eight weeks vacation with all expenses paid by 20th Century-Fox. He and Pat went to Europe as soon as they heard the good news.

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Before Ann Sheridan took off for England to do the picture "I Was A Male War Bride" with Cary Grant, she had her beautiful red hair cut off, but short, not just to follow the current fashion but because she plays a WAC in the pic. It's getting so there isn't a long-hair in Hollywood among the glammer gals. Joan Crawford's another who has cut hers and, psst, don't say I told you, but Alan Ladd doesn't like Sue's cute new short coiffure one little bit and says so right out loud.

Around the sets: Lucille Ball could be a press-agent if she ever got tired of acting. In a scene for "Interference," Lucy's typing away like mad but instead of aimlessly turning out a bunch of meaningless words she's writing, "Desi Arnaz is the best musician in America," over and over. Lizabeth Scott, on the same set, tells everybody who will listen about her new aquarium. So far she has eighteen different kinds of tropical fish but no eatin' kind. Shirley Temple had to learn to drive all over again for "Baltimore Escapade," because the model she wheels around in is a 1905 vintage with a steering handle instead of a wheel. She said it 'most scared her to death before she learned to handle it. Elizabeth Taylor's so thrilled because her father has bought a horse-breeding ranch and the horse which she rode in "National Velvet," named King Charles, will be the poppa of all her little colts. June Allyson's dropped half of her eight-month-old daughter's name. She and Dick Powell named the baby Leslie Allyson. Now she's just plain Allyson Powell. But June was afraid people would call the baby "Allie." Her pals on the set of "Little Women" have dubbed the cheeild "Little Jo." June, as you know, plays *Jo* in the picture. Petey Lawford, who's *Laurie* in the same film, looks real romantic with his long sideburns and shaggy neckline.

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Dick Widmark, that lovable villain, has had to start working out at Terry Hunt's for his rugged part in "Down To The Sea In Ships." Terry kiddingly told Dick he was going to take four inches off his waistline and add it to his chest. Dick says life in California is so easy and pleasant that he's gained twenty-five pounds which he is now busy distributing in the right places. A coupla national magazines on the track of stories about how Dick became such a villain had a rough time finding any material. Everybody who knows Dick has nothing but praise and stories about what a strictly nice guy he is, which is a true thing.

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There isn't a star in town who has a



Sonny Tufts and his wife, with two of the performers, at the opening of the "Ice Follies." Mrs. Tufts has just recovered from a serious operation.



Peter Lawford, in blackface, gets into the act with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis at Slapsy Maxie's. Strictly slapstick, all three got a drenching.

dressing room like Esther Williams'. The studio redecorated the walls in aqua blue and did the couches and drapes in water-repellent marine print materials. Seems when Esther comes in from a swimming sequence she gets the place all waterlogged before she changes from a wet suit into dry clothes and this new material keeps the furniture from getting soggy.

—o—

Dan Dailey's gone but maaad over indoor polo which, leave me hasten to inform you, is played outdoors. He's getting up his own team which Mark Stevens is dying to join but can't until he has another operation on his back. Mark is one of the most frequent house hunters in these parts. He and Annelle were all settled in the Valley, but Mark found out it was too far from the studio so he's planning to try Brentwood or Westwood for a spell.

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Reason the Rex Harrisons auctioned off all their furniture before they left for England was because Rex and Lilli Palmer have scads of beautiful antique furnishings over there which they plan to bring back and use to decorate their Mandeville Canyon home.

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Clifton Webb's been having a heck of a time editing his new book, which he wants to call "Montage." Seems the secretary to whom he dictated most of his autobiography was an excellent speller but knew nothing about the theatre and made mush of most of the famous names Mr. W. included in the story of his life.

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Fred Astaire, whose main trouble is trying to originate new dance numbers that will top those in previous pictures, has really come up with a dilly for "The Barkleys Of Broadway." In one sequence he'll dance barefooted, in another, with shoes untied.

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Little Janie Powell is quite excited because now that she's eighteen she has her own apartment. But don't race your motor! The apartment is right in the same house with her family. They built her a whole separate unit with private entrance, but they can still keep a parental eye on her.

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The famous team of Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire isn't the only one to be reunited at Metro. They're planning to make some more pictures with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy on account of the zillions of letters they keep getting from fans demanding to see them together again.

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Angela Lansbury's bought herself a whole mountain in Nevada but she ain't saying where it is. She went to a cabin up there for a vacation, fell in love with the scenery and the trout stream and bought the whole shebang. She's building herself a new cabin and when it's done, just try and find her!

The tourists down in Los Angeles' Olvera Street quit looking at the historic buildings in this fascinating little quarter because Glenn Ford and Nina Foch came there for lunch during the time they were shooting scenes for "The Undercover Man" at the Union Station, which is just that-a-way from the oldest section of Los Angeles.

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I love the crack grande-dame Constance Collier made at a gal who was giving her a pill by pill account of her various kinds of sleeping tablets. Cracked Miss C., "My dear, you *are* a sleeping pill." Haw!

Taboos Are Off!

Continued from page 26

2 is indicated by the fact that Hedy said to her son Jimmie *(aged almost ten)*, "I would like to go riding with you except that I don't know how."

"Mother, I could teach you in no time," he volunteered instantly, with the result that on almost any pleasant Saturday morning when Hedy has no studio call, Hedy and Jimmie may be found cantering happily along a leaf-dappled bridle path.

Another bugaboo has been the "front office" advice: "Take a few extra hours, Hedy, and travel by train. Plane travel is swift and efficient, that's true, but an overseas flight can be hazardous."

Rebellion No. 3: When Hedy was invited to be a guest of the Mayor of Paris, she sought the travel advice of no one. She simply made plane reservations from Los Angeles to Paris and planned her wardrobe accordingly. "I am going to fly the Atlantic," she told friends with the twinkle of one who has just tasted complete independence and found it good.

In Paris, she avoided the strictly glamour spots which, in days gone by, she might have frequented for no other reason than that it would have been expected of her. Instead, she took a vacation in Brittany, a thing she had always wanted to do. Having secured lodgings in a small inn, she spent days strolling over the countryside, talking to farmers and glorying in the pastoral simplicity of the life.

Even in Paris she spent most of her time in art galleries, and browsing through the sidewalk shops along the Seine. She visited one restaurant on a sentimental basis; in Hollywood she had heard many of her friends talk about the pressed duck to be had at *Le Tour d'Argent*, a gourmets' rendezvous. So there she went.

Well in advance of her departure date she had addressed a series of postal cards *(to be mailed one a day to the children)* and these she supplemented with half a dozen gifts for her trio: Jimmie, Denise *(aged three and called DeeDee)*, and Anthony John *(aged one and called Tony)*.

Hedy's children are the core of her being. She is both a wise and a devoted mother. Even in handling her youngsters,

Hedy's new determination to reach toward a fuller expression of life can be observed. Those terrors, indignities, and restrictions which she remembers from her own childhood are no part of the experience of her own children.

One of the childhood catastrophes which Hedy remembers vividly is a trip to the doctor. She was told that she was being taken to the park to play; instead, she was taken to the hospital where she was subjected to a painful ear examination. From that day on she was distrustful of elders who wanted to take her on park excursions, and she was terrified of doctors. Luckily she had no serious junior illness or she would have died from mere fear of the physician.

A wonderful contrast to this state of affairs is the attitude of Hedy's brood toward the family doctor. From the time the children were small, they have been taken along to the hospital or to the doctor's office when Hedy has gone. She has been inoculated along with them, being sure to undergo the treatment first and to show great interest but no fear or pain.

"It smarts just a little, like picking a rose and having the thorn scratch, but that is all," she explained. She believes in telling them the truth.

Denise, now three, was enrolled in nursery school this Spring and arrangements were made for her to be picked up by the school bus every morning. Before school actually started, Hedy explained the function of the school bus to DeeDee, and said, "I am going to allow you to take a ride today so you will know exactly how much fun it is. I will put you on the bus at our house, then I will drive up to the corner and meet you."

DeeDee was enthusiastic. She boarded the bus, got acquainted with her surroundings, and hadn't even thought of weeping over the strange newness of the experience before she had reached the corner and was collected by her mother. In this way, DeeDee was spared the ordeal of learning too many things at once. Hedy practices the system of gradual indoctrination, and the healthy-minded gaiety of her brood attests to her wisdom.

Another practice in which Hedy believes is the conscious, constant teaching of children to love one another. Like most individuals she has visited in homes in which everything short of Indian massacre took place between competing brothers and sisters. "That is not to be the case with our family," she decided from the start.

Whenever one child is given anything, Hedy always suggests that the other two be invited to share. "I want a chip potato," announced DeeDee one afternoon. "I'm hungry." She was given two with the suggestion that probably Tony would like a "chip potato," too. (*James was away at the time.*)

A few moments later Tony appeared for a second. He also was given two chips and told to share the loot with his sister. Tony thought it over, standing before DeeDee and teetering back and forth while DeeDee sat quietly, hands in lap, and awaited the masculine decision.

"Because DeeDee is kind to Tony, Tony is kind to DeeDee," said Hedy conversationally. That did it. Tony handed over the potato chip and sat down on the step beside his older sister to enjoy the snack.

When DeeDee came home with the report that she hadn't liked school that day, Hedy took her daughter into her arms and explained, "Not every day can be a *good* day. There will be uninteresting days. But if you will be patient, there will come a very good day that you will enjoy."

Another determination of Hedy's is, as a friend once phrased it, "to be set free of her face." In this world there are probably ten or twenty million girls who would trade faces with Hedy Lamarr this instant, no questions asked. To the average girl, beauty is the most desirable commodity on earth. Hedy Lamarr is no average woman. "All my life, the fact that I am considered unusually attractive has brought me trouble," Hedy says in all modesty.

When a friend, protesting, once said, "But Hedy, your beauty has brought you every comfort," Hedy merely shrugged.

"If glamour is important to a girl, perhaps she would think me lucky," said Hedy. "However, superficial things mean little to me: I am a natural-born housewife. I love a home. I am happy to wear a peasant dress and paint walls and woodwork, mixing my own paint. I like to market, to cook, to take care of my children. Other women, not noted for being beautiful, have acquired devoted husbands and sheltered lives. They do not have to do the things I must do in order to provide for my family."

It is no secret around Hollywood that Hedy, to most people the most exotic woman imaginable, simply is bored by the attention and adulation with which a star is usually surrounded. Her idea of how hair should be handled is that it should be washed once a week, dried in the sun, parted in the middle, and combed. Away from studio assignments, she combs her own hair back on either side of her forehead in a pair of matching raven's wings, sticks in a few bobby pins to hold it out of her eyes, and that's her coiffure.

Her idea of torture is having to report to the studio at 6:30 a. m., being shampooed, fingerwaved into an elaborate hairdo, thrust under a drier, cooked, extracted from the drier and forced to sit for another hour while a hairdresser creates a masterpiece with Hedy's naturally gorgeous hair.

Most girls love the idea of spending hours in the wardrobe department being draped with priceless materials and fitted for handsome gowns. Hedy's idea of the perfect raiment is a simple little gingham peasant dress and a pair of harmonizing flat-heeled sandals.

It is probable that, because Hedy is convinced that her loveliness is respon-



Esther Williams gets a kiss from her husband, Ben Gage, after introducing the new Esther Williams swimsuit at the home of Fred Cole in Beverly Hills.

sible for many of the disillusioning incidents that have plagued her life, she plays down her appearance deliberately. Sometimes her wistfulness is like that of a very rich man who yearns to be loved for himself instead of his money. Hedy dreams of being popular and sought after because she is a lovable human being rather than because she is a world-famed beauty.

Finally, the fact that it is possible for a man to inflate his own ego by squiring a beautiful girl around town is one of Hedy's discoveries and the cause of some of her heartaches. It is a problem that most girls, luckily, are spared. The average girl, when asked for a date, can afford to be pleased. Hedy always has to stop long enough to analyze motives; she must determine whether it is the man's intention to exploit her or not.

That Hedy does not intend to let this situation cloud her daughter's life is clear from a recent conversation between them. A visitor, beaming at DeeDee said, "She's going to be a great beauty like you, Hedy." This is true. DeeDee's eyes are huge and blue; her hair is naturally curly, very thick, and chestnut in color. She has deep dimples in her cheeks, and her mouth is lovely. Incidentally, James and Tony are also handsome youngsters.

Hedy, cradling her daughter in her arms, studied the small, smiling face. "Yes, I think she will be pretty," agreed Hedy. "But what is more important is that she is such a sweet girl. People love a girl who is kind and nice."

In addition to the social handicap which Hedy feels is imposed by her fabulous face, her fame occasionally causes other discomforts. If there is anything Hedy loves it is to browse around shops, particularly those of antique dealers—and the dime stores. In the Winter it is possible for her to indulge this craving by swathing her head in a bandana, hiding her slim body in an outsize shag coat, and wearing dark glasses. Frequently she can shop unidentified.

But when the weather is too warm for such disguise, Hedy is recognized at once, surrounded, and her shopping trip is ruined.

Hedy is frank enough to say that she hopes, at some time in the future—perhaps three to five years—to meet a man who will fall in love with the personality instead of the legend of Hedy Lamarr, and with her three children. "A woman needs a man to help bring up a family like mine," is her candid opinion. With such a man she might devote herself to her household and give up her career.

However, at this particular moment you have never seen an actress more excited about a completed picture than Hedy is about "Let's Live A Little," or more thrilled with a picture she is to make than Hedy is over Cecil B. DeMille's spectacular "Samson And Delilah."

Hedy is to play Delilah, of course, and in Technicolor. Everyone connected with the production is lyrical about the way she photographs on color film. Furthermore, Victor Mature as Samson is the perfect foil for Hedy.

When "Samson And Delilah" is released, Hedy's plans for retirement will undoubtedly slide further than ever into the background, but her intention to live life to its fullest will take several long strides forward.

It couldn't happen to a more fascinating human being.

How To Keep A Husband Happy

Continued from page 25

man's privilege to read his paper at breakfast and no amount of chatter from a wife will change the situation. The more she fusses at him the more he's going to read it, and certainly he'll end up by slamming the door when he walks out. That's not quite the way to keep a husband happy.

"As for a wife's appearance at breakfast, I can only go on what I do myself. I wear a nice-looking robe and try to look presentable. There is no surer way of making a husband start off his day grumpily than for a wife to come tripping into breakfast with her hair done up in a mass of those atrocious curlers.

"Everything considered, breakfast is a trying time for a wife when it comes to keeping a husband happy. I don't understand, therefore, why any woman would want to start off the day by forcing the husband to discuss a lot of unpleasant subjects that will only bore and annoy him. Such topics are usually household problems that will never, never interest a man. I have many of these to go over with Richard, but I always wait until he gets home to talk about them. I don't mean that a wife should make it a rule to air her troubles the minute her husband walks into the house at night. That's not quite fair, but she can be tactful in pursuing the subject."

Which brings us to another point about the male animal—his alleged indifference to order and system in a house. The slippers all over the house, the pipe tobacco on the rug, etc., etc.

"I haven't that trouble," June assured me. "Richard is the most orderly person and has never been sloppy. But I think a wife who has this problem to face should accept it and make it part of her job. Most definitely, I don't think she'll gain anything by nagging at him if he isn't inherently neat. Most men aren't. And I think it's a man's privilege to strew his things about.

"I suppose this discussion about orderliness also implies the arrangement of furniture in a house. I know men are supposed to want things kept in one definite place, especially the favorite chair, or the couch. Once a couch is set in front of a fireplace, for instance, he expects it to remain there for time immemorial. I do feel very sorry for any wife who has such a husband. Either she'll lose her mind trying to keep him happy by leaving things as he likes them when she's dying to move them about a bit or else she'll bring about his wrath by moving them. Fortunately, Richard likes to move furniture about as much as I do. We both love confusion, I guess. It may sound fantastic, but often I have awakened in the middle of night with a sudden new idea for arranging our furniture. I wake Richard up and say, 'Wouldn't the sofa look better in front of the window?' Instead of yelling at me to go to sleep, he thinks it over for a moment and then says, 'Well, let's go downstairs and see.' So we spend a couple of hours moving things about."

June next brought up the business of clothes and shopping. Men, traditionally, hate to shop and to pay wife's bills for clothes. And equally in the traditional manner, he usually doesn't care for her choice of dresses or hats.

"I don't think any wife can buy expensive clothes or hats and get by with it," June remarked, "especially funny hats. Once a husband sees a bill he has to pay for his wife's over-the-budget shopping you can depend on his exclaiming, 'Why, I've had these shoes for ten years and you spend all that money on a silly dress and that crazy hat.' Well, at one time I didn't care a thing about clothes, but when I was blasted for being the worst dressed woman in Hollywood, I went out and lost my head. Richard was all for my spree at first, but it wasn't long before he said, 'I like you when you're dressed in slacks.'

"Too many women think they can select their husbands' suits or hats for them—and still keep them happy. What naive girls they are! The only way a wife can choose a suit, for instance, that the husband definitely doesn't want, and still not make him feel like tearing the store apart, is to flatter him into thinking he looks better in something else. The only trouble with that is she can't use the trick too often or he'll catch on.

"As for shopping, I don't know why wives ever ask husbands to go shopping with them. It only breeds trouble. Richard went shopping with me only once, and it was awful. It's far better to go alone, believe me.

"Men are just as given to unnecessary expenses as women are, but try to make them admit it. They have a wonderful way of always finding a reason for any extravagances they commit. And they can make the most foolish excuses sound perfectly logical. There's just no way to hold a man back in this matter. No wife can change a man's habits and keep him happy. She simply has to accept them, for the more she tries to change him the more stubborn he will become and will do anything to prove he's the boss. After all, a man very seldom admits he's wrong as a rule."

Another trying situation is the matter of going out socially. Hubby may hate to go to Susie Jones' house, the wife may adore Susie, so who wins out? And who should accept the invitations in the first place?

"My trouble is accepting two or three invitations for the same night," June laughed. "Richard simply makes me sit

down and break the dates I've made last. He stands smugly by while I go through the embarrassing experience on the phone. Usually, however, we discuss the invitations together before accepting them. That's the safest way. Richard, though, is so sweet that he'll almost invariably go somewhere with me even if he doesn't particularly care for the idea. Not many women are that lucky. If a wife has made a date and the husband objects, all she can do is to make him think that she has a good reason for going. In cases of young married couples, the wife at times can get her way by pouting a bit or even by crying. But as the marriage progresses, those tricks won't work. Frankly, I think it's silly for a wife to force her husband to go. Under those circumstances, neither will have any fun.

"In the same connection, it's long been a moot point in marriages about a husband's and a wife's divergent interests. I don't see why this should be such a problem. If a husband enjoys going to a baseball game or likes fishing, the wife is foolish to object to his hobbies. She should find out why he likes fishing and baseball, study the sports, and then she will soon discover that her own interest in them will be stimulated. Take Richard, for example. He's absolutely crazy about flying. If I never stepped into a plane, it would be all right with me. But since it means so much to him, I swallow my fear and up I go. I won't say I like it yet, but I'm trying to learn to.

"However, if a wife takes up a husband's hobby and thereby keeps him in a blissful and contented state, there is nothing in the books that says he shouldn't be willing to go along with her to a concert or an opera, if that happens to be her interest in life.

"All of these subjects, if not handled right, can lead to lecturing, or nagging, and involve the business of winning or losing arguments. To begin with, I hate the word, 'lecture.' No one has the right to lecture anyone, but, in the same way, a wife and a husband have the right to say what they think and their opinions should be respected by each other. Discussion is all right, but it becomes nagging when the conversation is dragged out endlessly. And no husband likes to be nagged.

"As for winning any arguments, I can only use Richard's and my system as an example. We discuss everything, yes, but when I can show him where I'm right and he's wrong, and show him conclusively, he'll inevitably say, 'Yes, you're right,' and give in. When he can show me where I'm wrong, I'm willing to admit it. I think it's a far safer procedure to admit you're wrong than to go on forever trying to prove you're right just to win a point. I don't know of any husband who was ever made happy by a wife who was determined to win an argument no matter how long it might take."

The last point is one that all wives are faced with and few know how to handle. It's the matter of when to baby a man and keep him happy and when not to. June had a quick answer for this.

"The only time a man likes to be babied, in my opinion, is when he's sick," June remarked. "Then he likes to be fussed over. Men are much worse babies about illness than women are, so wives should do everything to keep them comfortable and happy. Otherwise, they'll feel very neglected. However, constant fussing will drive any husband crazy. It's not especially flattering to his ego and it makes him feel like a plain fool. I've never tried to baby Richard. I know what the results would be!

"All in all, when you take everything into consideration, the only way a wife can keep a husband happy is to lean over backwards to do what he likes and by subtle innuendoes to get her way as often as possible. Women may have won their independence, but a lot of men aren't aware of it. And that's all the advice I can give. By the way, if you have any suggestions on this point, let me know. I think we women have to stick together on such a vital problem."

Acrobat With Both Feet On The Ground

Continued from page 27

In the meantime, every ambitious lady star in Hollywood has her eye on big, brawny Burt for her co-star in her next picture. Barbara Stanwyck snagged him for the thriller-diller, "Sorry, Wrong Number," which has been called a ten finger-nail picture. Bette Davis wanted him for "Winter Meeting" but Burt didn't like the part. And more recently Joan Crawford was wishing awfully hard that he would accept the role opposite hers in "Flamingo Road." According to the most recent polls Burt is about the hottest thing in Hollywood right now.

Despite the fact that the Lancasters were poor and Burt was brought up in a really tough section of New York City, he was a rather studious, serious-minded kid. Oh, he battled the cops occasionally with the neighborhood's juvenile delinquents, and he had his share of bloody noses, but he was far more interested in books and music. Today he says, "Most people seem to think I'm the kind of a guy who shaves with a blowtorch. Actually, I'm a very serious person inclined to be bookish and worrisome. Even as a kid I was an avid reader. I'd get under the covers with a flashlight and a book and read long after my light was supposed to be out. I read everything I could get my hands on, good, bad, and indifferent."

He recalls that as a small child he wore a little Lord Fauntleroy suit. He has a picture of himself to prove it, resentment and all. But he didn't resent having to take piano lessons. He was heartbroken when he had to give them up after three months, is determined to resume them any time now that he has a breathing space. Music has always been a passion of his. Until he was fifteen and his voice changed he was a boy soprano soloist. Today he haunts the Philharmonic Auditorium in Los Angeles and the Hollywood Bowl. But don't get the idea he's a "longhair." Fight night in Hollywood finds him in a ringside seat.

It was in his sophomore year at New York University that Burt first put the whammy on "May your children grow up to be acrobats." He was working out in the gym one day when he met a professional gymnast who introduced him to the horizontal bars. After a few months of working out on them Burt became so enthused (*over-enthusiasm is one of his greatest faults he claims*) that he bought a pair of second-hand acrobatic tights and went looking for a circus job. For the next five years he played fairs, carnivals, small circuses and big circuses. He spent a season with the big time Ringling Brothers, and another season he spent with a flea-bitten circus in the South where he lived on sour belly and greens. In Pawtucket, Rhode Island, he met a pretty little dancer, and married her. They were divorced a year later, in 1936. Burt and his partner, Nick Cravat, pushed themselves up from the sawdust ring to the night club circuit, and were doing all right when the inevitable happened: Burt got bored. "That's the tragedy of my life," says Burt. "I get all excited over things at first, and then after a while they lose interest for me."

In Chicago he applied for a truck driver's job at Marshall Field's big department store. But when the personnel manager got a look at Burt's well-developed body he very cagily put him to work as floor walker in the ladies lingerie department. Business boomed. A surprising number of Chicago housewives suddenly felt the need for new undies. But parading around with a carnation in his button-hole was not exactly what Burt had in mind. So he brushed off Marshall Field's (*even turned down a raise*) and tried a succession of more rugged jobs. But restless again, he returned to his home town, New York, and to his surprise promptly landed a job with the Columbia Broadcasting System's Community Concerts Division. But before he could get started on it Uncle Sam sent him greetings. He was inducted in 1942, and the Army bundled him off to Africa and Italy where he served as a director for soldier shows. Two wonderful things happened to him in the Army. While he was putting on a play called "Stars And Gripes" for the G.I.s in Italy, he met a pretty girl named Norma Anderson who was appearing with a USO group in Naples. When Norma left for the United States she promised to write. She did. She and Burt were married December 28th, 1946, in Yuma, Arizona.

The second wonderful thing was his meeting with another G. I. named Arnold Benoick, who became one of Burt's closest friends. "He's a fine violinist," says Burt, "and one of these days the world will hear of him." He and Norma, Burt claims, are his severest critics. "I'll never go Hollywood as long as they are around," he says.

When the war ended Burt returned to New York with no more prospects than a dying duck. He ran into a producer on an elevator in the Royalton Hotel one

day who eyed his brawn and muscles, even as the personnel manager at Marshall Field's, even as you and I. The result of that encounter was the part of the sergeant in "A Sound Of Hunting."

"A Sound Of Hunting" ran only three weeks on Broadway. If nothing else, it proved a perfect showcase for Burt Lancaster. Among the Hollywood people who saw the show was producer Hal Wallis who was in New York signing up young and promising talent. There were other movie offers but Burt liked the Wallis offer best, and signed a contract with him that was later split with Mark Hellinger and Universal-International. Followed solid performances in "The Killers," "Brute Force," "Desert Town," "I Walk Alone" and "All My Sons."

Since success came his way Burt has worked hard to keep from "going Hollywood." Still prefers his old-time circus pals to Hollywood's so-called Society. Rarely goes to night clubs. Still refuses to "yes" producers and comb his hair. A worrying guy, he keeps worrying over what the late Mark Hellinger told him soon after they finished "The Killers."

"You're a nice enough guy, Burt," Hellinger said to him. "Nice enough now. But you'll go Hollywood. They all do sooner or later." Burt wakes up at night, thinks about it, and breaks out in a cold sweat.

He has made only one concession to the Hollywood tradition: He has bought a house in Bel-Air. But it's small and has no swimming pool, his press agent belittles it. Here he lives with his wife, his father, his wife's son by a former marriage, and his own year-old son, named William Lancaster, after his brother who died recently. He has a phobia against having his wife and child photographed. When he isn't working, which isn't often, he likes to listen to music, read, and take long drives with his wife. He likes Italian food touched with garlic; desserts he can take or leave alone. If he takes, it's usually apple pie. He likes to play practical jokes on his fellow actors, but they're not the kind you write about. Quite naughty, in fact.

His pet dislikes are turnips, horse races, overcoats and over-decorated rooms. When he first came to Hollywood, if you asked him an honest question, he gave you an honest answer. Frankly and bluntly. This little habit was continually getting him in hot water with the press. But today Burt is completely press-broken. Couldn't be more pleasant, more entertaining, more cooperative. Occasionally that old honesty does rear its ugly head as it did recently when he told an interviewer, "Many bad actresses are stars." Then the interviewer casually asked, "Have anyone special in mind?"

Burt said, yes he did. The press agent from the publicity department hastily changed the subject.

Burt, the restless and the bored, did considerable talking about returning to the Big Tops for a spell, and doing a vaudeville tour. He kept those horizontal bars handy. When he was working they were right there on the set with him, and he and Nick Cravat worked out between scenes.

Fred Robbins Right Off The Record

Continued from page 51

over the grooves. Backside is "The Matador," about a brooding bull and the frightened matador who disappears after their first fight—booted out of the arena practically as far as Pasadena. Cute hunk of fluff with clever lyrics. *(Decca)*

Dinah Shore: Montgomery's missus sharpens her stiletto for a joust with that same bull—in two languages yet! Ferdinand is pretty neurotic about the whole deal, amigos, but you'll be hypnotic. Dinah's got almost a dozen fresh waffles under that scented pine this month: "What Did I Do," from "When My Baby Smiles At Me," a one-woman quiz on the whys and wherefores of a spat; "Buttons And Bows," from "The Paleface," a plea from the Wild West for a return to civilization where she can wear buttons and bows, gilly ties and cummerbunds, sung with a gob of gusto and Western twang, too, hey; "Daddy-O," from "A Song Is Born," wherein Dinah lays the blues on you; and the piece de you-know-what with Buddy Clark, a big fat sheaf of Gershwin, Coward and Porter *(not a law firm),* " 'S Wonderful," "Let's Do It," "Summertime" and "Easy To Love," with Dinah solo on "Just One Of Those Things," and "Mad About The Boy," and the baritone Lark solo on "You'd Be So Nice To Come Home To" and "Rosalie."

Jo Stafford: Oh, that joltin' Josephine! Dig "Baby, Won't You Please Come Home?" with Nat Cole strokin' the Steinway behind her, Ray Linn on trumpet and Herbie Haymer on tenor. Versatile babe crawls under a blues on the back, "Trouble In Mind," a hillbilly song, which Jo does with fine jazz feeling, showing you how closely the two forms of sound are allied. Paul Weston and Co. are behind her, as they are on her great gang of folk songs in the fresh album, "Jo Stafford Sings American Folk Songs." There's nothing wrong with that hearing appendage that "Every Day I Love You," from "Two Guys From Texas," and "This Is The Moment," won't cure. *(Capitol)*

Perry Como: "My Melancholy Baby," "When You're Smiling." A caressing ear clip by the ex-barber from Canonburg, Pa. on these mellow standards, loaded with an ounce of bounce, the way it should be—not slow and draggy. Nice Avalanche, Blanche! *(Victor)*

Billy Eckstine: "Everything I Have Is Yours," "I'll Be Faithful." Just like that softly falling white precipitation, that's how the larynx of the ecstatic Mr. Eckstine inundates you. He doesn't have to take a back seat to Frank, Perry, Bing, or anyone anytime. All during this Xmas season, he's breaking up the joint into toothpicks at New York's Royal Roost, and the reason is embedded 'tween the grooves of these standards which are given a golden rebirth. Lush, sincere, beautiful phrasing, Billy's just the nth! *(MGM)*

Peggy Lee: "Just A Shade On The Blue Side," Hoagy Carmichael's latest, and "Don't Be So Mean To Me, Baby," which she and her husband, Dave Barbour, wrote. This is just frosting on Peg's album, "Rendezvous With Peggy Lee," which will surfeit you with that lovely throat. There's "Don't Smoke In Bed," " 'Deed I Do," "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," "Stormy Weather," "Them There Eyes" and "Why Don't You Do Right?" The first etching has been rebaked with "Everybody Loves Somebody" on the other side. *(Capitol)*

Frank Sinatra: "My Melancholy Baby," "Kiss Me Again," Christina's Daddy's in real Xmas form on his fresh slicing, which would make Vic Herbert proud of him. There's a chime time sheaf of Sinatra cookies out, too—"Christmas Songs By Sinatra," including "Silent Night," "Adeste Fidelis," "White Christmas," "Jingle Bells," "O Little Town Of Bethlehem," "It Came Upon The Midnight Clear," "Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas," "Santa Claus Is Coming To Town." I know—it's already on your shelf, elf. Nice, huh? *(Columbia)*

Also Earworthy: "Say Something Sweet To Your Sweetheart," with Jo Stafford and Gordie MacCrae, is ricky ticky tick, old-time vaudeville stuff with chatter-swapping over ukelele background. *(Capitol)* . . . Rosemary Clooney, one of the top band canaries these days, is fine as Xmas wine purring on "You Started Something" with Tony Pastor and Co.—watch for the Columbia short subject with Tony and this kid, incident. *(Columbia)* . . . Buddy Clark's melodic sorcery continues on "Here I'll Stay" and "Green Up Time," two jewels from "Love Life," current on B'way, by Alan Lerner and Kurt Weill, who wrote "September Song." *(Columbia)* . . . Harry Crosby's plum pudding of Joe Venuti's lazy thing, "Ain't Doin' Bad Doin' Nothin'." *(Decca)* . . . Ella Fitzgerald's "It's Too Soon To Know" is like fine finnan haddie, she sings so great! *(Decca)* . . . Tommy Dorsey's "Until," is attempted sequel to equal "I'll Never Smile Again," but this kid doesn't think the tune's so good, though Harry Prime and the Sentimentalists flow smoothly. *(Victor)* . . . Nellie Lutcher pours some mastodonic tonic on "Alexander's Ragtime Band," starting with "one, two, button my shoe" all the way up to "eleven, twelve, put your worries on the shelf." Off she goes! And how! *(Capitol)* . . . Gene Krupa, with one of the best bands today, is in good form on "It's Up To You," which lands boff on your double-breasted ears—a fine instrumental! Buddy Hughes is vigorously vocal on flip, "It's Whatcha Do With Whatcha Got." *(Columbia)* . . . Johnny Mercer's "Love That Boy" from "Night Has A Thousand Eyes." *(Capitol)* . . . Glenn Miller's welcome reissue of "Adios" with moving trumpet by Bobby Hackett, and "Delilah" with Tex Beneke chirping. *(Victor)* . . . Freddy Stewart's "Ah, But It Happens" and "For All We Know," as

Are you in the know?



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- ☐ *Moon magic*
- ☐ *Dusky lacquer*

You're the romantic type, now! With a fragile, "ladylike" look, even to your pastel fingernails. That calls for careful manicures—moons and tips showing. Here's how: Outline moon with enamel; paint rest of nail completely. Then, while enamel's wet, "thumb off" a rounded nail tip. Depth of moon should suit your individual nail. Just as—on "those" days—your *needs* should guide your choice of napkins. Try *Kotex—3 absorbencies* to choose from.



What's the Jinx in this jalopy?

- ☐ *The cuddle couple*
- ☐ *The boogie blast*
- ☐ *Four's a crowd*

Joy **ride?** Uh-uh. For here, say safety experts, are the makings of a crash landing! (See all answers above.) The car's crowded: bad for careful driving. The raucous music adds *more* distraction. Anyway, how can a highway romeo keep his mind on the road? Sharp gals will avoid these hazards; take no risks. Even of problem-day accidents. And that's why they choose Kotex . . . its exclusive *safety center* means *extra* protection!



If your back's blemished, what's best?

- ☐ *A white hanky*
- ☐ *A rain check*
- ☐ *A stole*

Stoles for your strapless frocks are high fashion . . . not meant for hiding hickeys! And you can't "un-date" at zero hour. Why wait 'til dance night to cover back break-outs? Start days ahead, with antiseptic—plus white hanky, pinned to shoulderstraps. Worn beneath school dresses, the medicated "goo" works while you grind! Never fret about how to conceal "certain" outlines—with Kotex. Those *flat pressed ends prevent* outlines; protect you—*all ways!*



When giving a party, which is important?

- ☐ *Fancy refreshments*
- ☐ *Banishing the family*
- ☐ *Keeping your guests busy*

To save your party from the floperoo brackets it doesn't take caterer's chow . . . or shooing Mom to the movies. *Plan* the doings. Have records handy. Provide the "props" for games. At Christmas, let your guests trim the tree; anything to keep them *busy*. And should your calendar suddenly betray you, don't be a blu gnu! Turn to Kotex, for comfort. For *softness* that *holds its shape*. In short, be carefree with the new Kotex—made to stay soft while you wear it. And happy hostessing to you!



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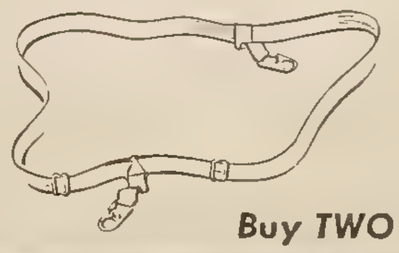


Why does a gal buy 2 sanitary belts?

- ☐ *For extra security*
- ☐ *For that "bandbox" feeling*
- ☐ *One belt's for her sister*

Next time you're dressing for a date—donning fresh undies, a charming frock—you'll want a change of sanitary belts. Yes, for that crisp, "bandbox feeling" you need two Kotex Sanitary Belts, for a *change*.

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Kotex Sanitary Belt

Buy TWO—by name!

gossamer as Xmas pudding! *(Capitol)* . . . Marion Hutton on a deuce of cute novelties, "Borscht" and "He Sez She Sez"—pixieish stuff. *(MGM)* . . . Helen Forrest's "What Did I Do?" from "When My Baby Smiles At Me," and "I Love You Too Much." *(MGM)*

HOT!!!

Billy Butterfield: "Stardust," "What's New," Billy's theme, "Jalousie" and "Wild Oats," wherein Mr. B. really sows 'em and gets the barnacles off your superstructure! Can't get enough of that horn. *(Capitol)*

Sy Oliver: 'Tis a fine gang Sy has and the brilliant arranger-composer works 'em out on one of his own keen and peachy chattels, "Scotty," which'll make you blow your gasket, so solid is its performance and beat. *(MGM)*

Hot Lips Page: "La Danse," a jumpin' sumpin' loaded with stiff riffs and Page horn, and "Walkin' In A Daze," typical of the stuff that smothered him with fame. Hot Lips, who did so many fine things with "Forever" Artie Shaw, breaks out on the Columbia Label, Mabel.

Dizzy Gillespie: Poppin' your top on bop yet? Well, come get a large load of "Manteca," Dizzy's freshest great Afro-Cuban rhythmic stuff with a beautiful theme in the middle and the bongo bubblin' all the way through. Dangerous stuff, kid. It'll drive you mad with the beat. John Burks Gillespie is divine as ever on trumpet. Back has a scorching portion of vocal bop 'tween Diz and Kenny Hagood—*il s'appelle,* "Cool Breeze" and comes on like a nor'easter! *(Victor)*

Freddy Slack: "Beat-Me-Daddy" Slack is under the tree to flail you with a mess of boogie woogie, a whole albumful devoted, of course, strictly to the downstairs or southpaw hand. There's "Beverly Boogie," "Chopstick Boogie," "Is I Gotta Practice, Ma?" "The Brown Danube," "Boogie Minor," and "Boogie In G." This is b.w. of every woof and warp and will keep you all through '49, Adeline! *(Capitol CC 83)*

Also fine: Big Sid Catlett's gang on "Just You, Just Me" and "Henderson Romp," spotting Al Casey, guitar; Illinois Jacquet and Bumps Myers, tenors; Horace Henderson, piano. *(Capitol)* . . . Thelonious Monk's freshest effusion "In Walked Bud" and "Epistrophy," (look it up in your new dictionary). Fine Bop from "High Priest Of Pop." *(Blue Note)* . . . Stan Kenton's "Bongo Riff," with the bongo giving you bubbles in your blood! *(Capitol)*

FROM THE MAN IN GREY

Ann Ginsberg, Providence, R. I.: Gene Williams formed his orchestra when the Claude Thornhill band broke up for the Summer. He has no lace trimmed ball and chain so you've still got a chance . . . Gene Gorman, New York City: Thanx for the compliment on the Windsor knot in the pix with John Garfield in SCREENLAND. If you follow the diagram carefully you'll dig it and you can make the knot as large or small as you want . . . Bernard Kolash, Newark, N. J.; Gordon MacRae's from East Orange, N. J. right near you, and has been breathing 27 years. He started as a page boy at NBC, was heard singing by Horace Heidt and was offered a job in his vocal group. From then on—wow! He was on the Air Force and is flickering in "The Big Punch," soon with June Haver in "Silver Lining" . . . Benita Marshak, Chicago, Ill., and Joyce Hoffman, Gettysburg, Pa.: Pictures of most bandleaders are available at any jump dump . . P. M. Christensen, Oakland, Calif.: Ingrid Bergman has no record of the song she sang in "Arch Of Triumph" . . . Dolores Hennesy, Baltimore, Md.: Buddy Clark's program comes from California . . . Rosalie Madonia, Springfield, Ill.: Bobby Breen's been making theatre appearances all over the country. Don't think he's making any records now . . . Arlene Ammon, Union, N. J., and Helen Santagata, Accord, N. Y.: Vic Damone's album is called "A Young Man Sings." He's not attached either, he's 20, and his fresh Christmas waffle, "Christmas Morn," is a beaut. He drives a Cadillac . . . Corky Becker, Milwaukee, Wis.: Desi Arnaz has about a dozen middle names, one of which is Alberto—can't remember the rest. There are no little Arnazes . . . Barbara Bacon, Rochester, N. Y.: You'll be seeing your boy Tony Martin if you watch for "Casbah." His newest etchings are "If I Had You," "Music From Beyond The Moon," "It's Magic" and "It's You Or No One" . . . Ruth Donschein, New Rochelle, N. Y.: Fran Warren's on her own now—sings like a dove and should go far. Her real handle's Frances Wolfe.

And what's your pleasure, treasure? Talk to me—float me that pasteboard and we'll try and relieve your agony 'bout music, cookies and stuff. Listen for our new syndicated record show, "Robbins' Nest." Happy Chime Time!

Address letters to Fred Robbins, SCREENLAND Magazine, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

Cobina Wright's Gossip Of Hollywood Parties

Continued from page 32

with a laugh as a rubberneck visitor from the country, followed by a bewildering succession of acts featuring film actors, cleverly interspersed with exciting performances by professional circus stars.

Until announced on the speaker, few of the fans were able to recognize the elaborately made-up clowns who were Gregory Peck, Cornel Wilde, Van Johnson, Frank Sinatra and Keenan Wynn.

One pageant I recall, particularly, for its beauty and imagination, was a Santa Claus parade with Margaret O'Brien as the little girl writing to dear Santa, *who was, of course, Edmund Gwenn. Then, like a dream come true, all of the storybook characters came to life. Gary Cooper, as* Robinson Crusoe, *had Buster Keaton as his* Man Friday. *Following him were June Havoc and Audrey Totter as* Twin Princesses, *Elizabeth Taylor as* Snow White, *Claudette Colbert as* The Old Woman Who Lived In A Shoe, *Ray Milland, Robert Stack, Gene Raymond as the* Magic Huntsmen, *Bing Crosby as* Humpty-Dumpty, *Ann Miller as the* Dancing Doll, *Betty Grable* as Giselle, *William Powell as* Punchinello, *Ann Blyth as* Mr. Peabody's Mermaid *and Harpo Marx as—Harpo Marx!*

This spectacle alone lasted for twenty minutes and introduced every "name" you could think of.

AT ANOTHER point in the gala presentation, a fanfare of trumpets announced a safari of elephants, led again by Margaret O'Brien, this time as a Persian princess in a miniature howdah on the back of a baby elephant.

In the parade of pachyderms were Celeste Holm, perilously perched on the trunk of one huge animal, Greer Garson riding high, wide and regally, followed by such other "Oriental" beauties as Esther Williams, Ann Miller, Eleanor Powell and Diana Lynn.

Of course, Sabu was in the procession, dressed like a Maharajah, along with the new *Tarzan*, Lex Barker, Maureen O'Sullivan as *Mrs. Tarzan*, Robert Cummings as a big game hunter and then, for a tag gag, who else on the last elephant but Nature Boy himself!

A parade of crinolined Southern belles revealed Irene Dunne, Loretta Young, Ava Gardner, Lucille Ball, Jeanette MacDonald, Rhonda Fleming, Dorothy Lamour and Arlene Dahl with escorts Alan Ladd, Glenn Ford, Peter Lawford, Barry Fitzgerald and so many more that it would take a complete issue of SCREENLAND to name them all.

Glimpses I shan't forget for some time are those of Claudette Colbert and Barbara Stanwyck, both excellent horsewomen, racing neck and neck around the ring on spirited mounts, Walter Pidgeon hanging by his knees from a swinging trapeze and Burt Lancaster giving an amazing performance on the handbars.

Incidentally, Lancaster provided one of the funniest bits of the whole evening by staging a wrestling match with Gorgeous George, the professional wrestler. A circus midget was the referee and Bob Hope, elegant in striped morning trousers and Ascot tie, was Lancaster's "second," Hope brought the extension phone to Lancaster when he was on the mat trapped by a headlock, and later, when Burt pretended to be enraged at Bob, Hope retaliated by hitting the stalwart Lancaster with a five-foot powder puff. The whole match broke up with the various participants all waltzing off together to the strains of "The Blue Danube,"—Lancaster with George, and Hope dancing with the midget.

Of course, all wonderful things have to come to an end and this fabulous evening was climaxed by a plea on the part of Kay Kyser for hospital aid throughout the country and with lovely Jeanette MacDonald's singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

WHILE so much of Hollywood's social life during the past month has been centered on this circus "party" and preparations for it, there have been several other fascinating affairs.

Only recently I gave a fashion "party" right in my own home for Designer Marusia and it was a most elaborate and amusing occasion.

Marusia is the wife of Don Wilson, Jack Benny's famous and jovial radio announcer. A little over a year ago, the Benny gang were all planning a trip to Hawaii. Marusia, who was then known only as Mrs. Don Wilson, designed a very beautiful wardrobe for herself to wear on the holiday.

At the last minute the jaunt was called off and there was Marusia, literally all dressed up with no place to go.

She invited a few of her close friends to inspect her new clothes which she modeled herself. We were so enchanted with her designs, colors and materials that we suggested she go into business for herself—which she did.

So successful has she been during her first year that she has become one of the leading designers in Hollywood, and it was to celebrate this success that I gave the party.

We installed dramatic lights, a public address system and placed a small platform at one end of my living room which overlooks all the lights of the city and the ocean beyond. Against that magnificent background the most beautiful and famous women modeled Marusia's newest creations.

Among the models were Ann Miller, Felicia Vanderbilt, Binnie Barnes, Dinah Shore, Elizabeth Droun and Marusia, herself.

Over half the film colony arrived to admire Marusia's collection which was announced and described in detail by Don Wilson. Judy Garland, Paulette Goddard, Joan Fontaine, Alida Valli and Joan Crawford were just a few who were delighted with the gowns.

Because of the very low decolletage on some of the evening gowns, Judy Garland exclaimed, "But, Cobina, how do they stay up?"

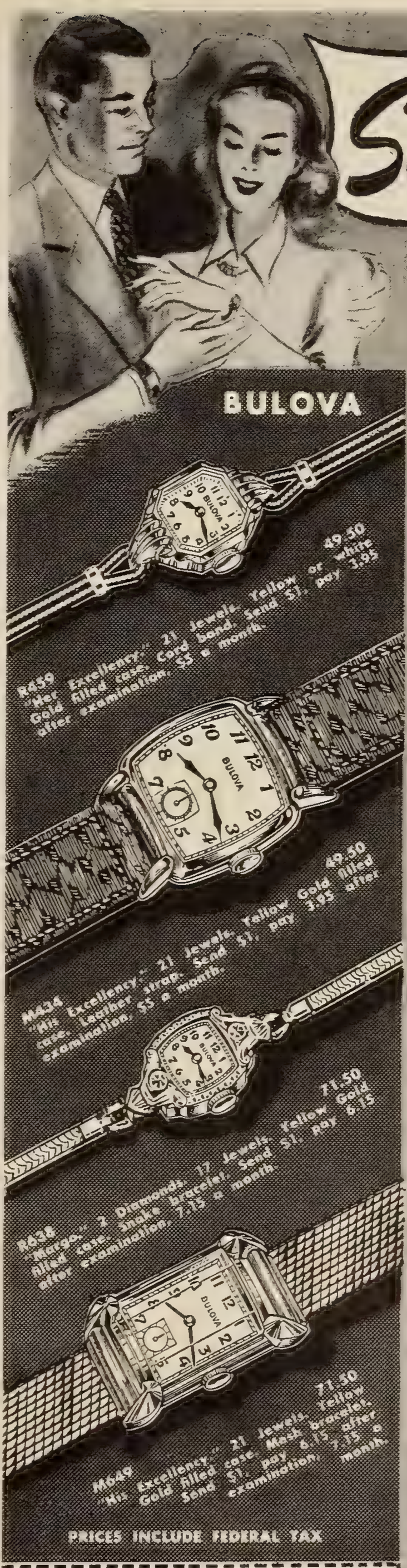
I explained to Judy that Marusia had several built-in features which insures what she calls "social security!"

After the showing, the guests all adjourned to the patio and the garden for a champagne supper.

A MORE intimate and sentimental affair brought us to Lady Furness' lovely modern home in the hills for a birthday celebration with her twin sister, Gloria (Morgan) *Vanderbilt.*

It was literally a double-header with twin gifts from Cartiers, twin birthday cakes and twin evening gowns which Gloria had especially designed for the occasion.

The two girls have spent every birth-



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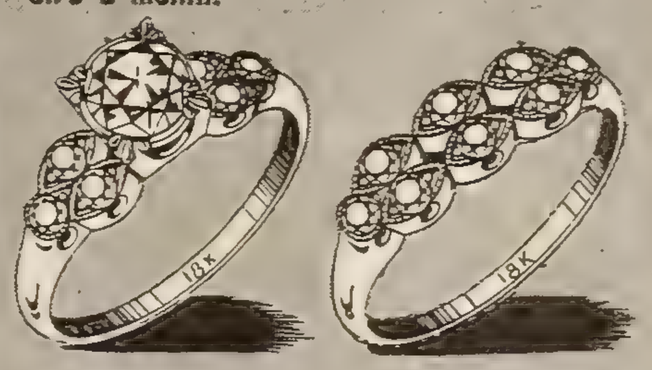
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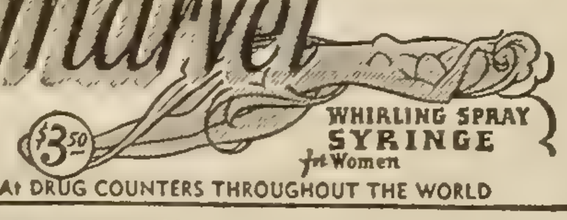
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day together for the past fifteen years, even though, as in this case, Gloria had to come all the way from Paris.

IN this whirl of social activity, now that the Fall and Winter season is launched, I've noticed several things which I think might be of interest to film friends and fans. For one thing filmland fashion plates are reviving a style reminiscent of the "20's" by wearing hat with evening dresses. Joan Crawford, Eve Arden, Rosalind Russell and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Jr. are setting the pace with headgear confections of tulle, lace, egrets, etc. Also, I've noticed a great revival in games. At Joan Crawford's the other night, there was hardly any conversation—everyone was concentrating on some game. Charades, Twenty Questions and even Treasure Hunts are coming back into vogue. I wonder what ever happened to Mah Jong?

Next month I'll be back with more parties and some of the delicious party recipes which the stars prefer. Most of them are not only novel but are quite simple to prepare.

In the meantime your party reporter would like to wish all you wonderful SCREENLAND *readers a truly happy time over the holidays.*

How Busy Can You Get?

Continued from page 37

in Barcelona, Spain. His family were conservative, bound up in traditions. His father didn't smoke or drink so none of the Cugat boys did. Neither did anyone think it was proper to dance with another man's wife unless the husband gave his permission and was there to keep an eye on the situation. If a man worked at night, his wife stayed home. Cugie still believes in those things.

"Before Lorraine and I were married," he says, "I was asked many times by men I knew to take their wives out while they were away. Would Cugat do that? I'd like to have a picture of it. In Technicolor!"

No, he doesn't believe in the casual American marital freedom and he never will.

"Some of my American friends tell me I'm wrong. I admit that I'm wrong according to their standards, but in my heart I know I'm right according to the way I was brought up. I can't change any more than they could change and admit that my ideas are right."

Why, then, did he pick a young American career girl for his wife? That's simple. He fell in love with her. And she with him. Cugie and Lorraine went around together for several years before they were married, knew and understood the problems they'd have to face, felt they could work them out, and are doing their best—which at this point looks like a successful try.

Here are some of the hazards to their marriage:

Cugie is one of the busiest men in the world. There doesn't seem to be anything in the artistic line the man can't do. And, being energetic as well as talented, he does them all.

First, of course, comes his band, which works on a year-round basis. Cugie has to keep the boys working that way in order to keep his organization together.

"Five of my men have been with me twenty-one years and a couple of them for eighteen. To keep a band together that long, you have to have a sense of responsibility toward them. They make good money but they spend it. If they don't work for a week or two they don't eat. So I have to keep us dated up all the time. When I'm thinking about that four thousand dollar payroll, I'd rather be thinking about a long vacation with my beautiful and charming wife."

He isn't kidding, either. If you were a big, successful King of the Rhumba, would *you* like to play sixty-three different towns in sixty-three days? It's the traveling that gets Cugie—and some of the places he has to play in to keep his boys in groceries.

Cugie's like a chain reaction. Once he got going as the Rhumba King, his career kept piling up on him. Of course he has his radio show, Casa Cugat, and his picture career at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer which includes three current pictures, "On An Island With You," "Luxury Liner," and "Date With Judy."

But, gad, what a man he is with a sideline! Everybody who has bought the shocking pink and black box containing "Cugat's Nugats" knows he invented 'em. The advertising and promotion on that alone would be enough to keep one average man busy all the time. But Cugie isn't an average man. He's now putting out a candy bar as a companion to the Nugats.

His caricatures are famous and it isn't uncommon for him to dash off twenty or thirty between shows. As a result of his caricatures, he's working on a comic strip for King Features called *Uncle Chihuahua*, all about the adventures of a little Mexican boy. He'll draw the strip himself, another enterprise which would keep an ordinary man out of mischief seven days a week. His caricatures will also be seen on neckties, and he'll have fun drawing the faces of sports figures, actors, singers, and politicians which will be transferred to the ties. The outfit which will market the ties also turns out the Cugat Jacket, a bolero type of jacket for men.

Cugie's recording sessions add another several hours a week to his schedule, and then there's that toy man from Belgium who wants to turn Cugie's Chihuahua caricatures into toys. He helped create some gay, colorful glasses called Rhumba Tumblers which will be on the market shortly. A delightful new perfume, called Red Rhumba, is another project in which Cugie's fine Spanish hand figured. He also introduced a folk dance, called the Mexican Shuffle.

Every time he gets into one of these deals, Lorraine gives Cugie one of those

looks wives give their husbands when they're verging on exasperation. "What next?" she asks him.

And he usually has an answer. And it's always another deal, like the one the fellow wanted to see him about. You know those berets Senor Cugat wears? Well, this fellow is putting *them* on the market, too, under the name, Cugat's Barcelona Hat.

With all this activity going on you'd hardly think Senor C. would have any time to spend with his wife. But it's quite simple, really, for him to work that out. He carries on most of his business transactions at home.

The new Casa Cugat, which he and Lorraine recently bought, is another project which has all but put them both in strait jackets. It seemed like such a wonderful idea to buy the eight and a half acre estate out beyond Bel-Air. Lorraine thought it would be such fun to plan the remodeling of the house, the landscaping, and the decorating. And Cugie fell right into the spirit of the thing, too.

So they started on their elaborate plans for having the place exactly the way they wanted it. Cugie found a man who did beautiful things in hand-wrought iron grille work. (*The house is modern Mexican ranch style.*) Then he got the idea that he'd like to have big murals in all the rooms. So he got Siquerros, Covarrubias, Montenegro, and Pani, all great artists and friends of his to do them for him. Also, his brother, Francisco, who's the Technicolor director at Columbia, did one, too. It was a big deal. So was the house. They nearly went crazy before it was finished.

Once they thought they had a fine little stalemate on their hands. The painters came in to do the walls that weren't covered by murals. But they went home, explaining they couldn't paint until the carpets were laid. So Cugie called the carpet people. They explained they couldn't lay the carpets until the walls were painted.

Then the Cugats managed to get a telephone. Cugie's a man who does business all day long over the phone. But this particular phone is on a three-party line and the other people on the line use it, too. Sometimes it gets awfully monotonous, trying to get a number.

There is also the problem of running down all the accumulated possessions which Cugie has collected and left all over the country. He discovered a Picasso in Boston, a beautiful marble bust by the German sculptor, Soler, in San Francisco. He also has found less valuable things of his in warehouses all over the country and, during the process of running all these things down, found he'd been paying rent on a room in New York for sixteen years without knowing he had it or why it was rented in the first place.

He compares what is going on at home to the time he went back to Spain for a visit. He sailed on the French liner *Champlain* because it had a special deck for dogs and Cugie never travels without dogs. He landed in Spain just as the Franco revolution started. Everybody was excited and hysterical, but it all seems calm to him now in contrast to what happens around his place.

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in fact, enjoys it. His life is a constant state of confusion and activity. Like the time he was appearing at the Million Dollar Theatre in downtown Los Angeles. He usually stayed at the theatre between shows because it was such a sleeper jump from there to his home. His dressing room was always filled with people, members of the band, transportation representatives, friends, AND the fellow who used to drop by any time during the day, walk in, sit down without a word and go to work on a rather unflattering clay model of Cugie, who never *did* find out who the fellow was.

Lorraine still doesn't see why Cugie wants to knock himself out so but he has a wonderful alibi for doing all the things he loves. He says with a disarming smile, "Lorraine loves presents. I like to give them to her.

"I hope," he said, looking a little wistful, "this story won't be the cause of my wife divorcing me."

Which is highly unlikely. At this point everything seems to be happy at Casa Cugat. Confused, but happy.

Success—Take It Or Leave It!

Continued from page 38

gardeners depart, rather than be seen wrestling with rake, broom or hose, hair all anyhow and famous face perspiring.

"It is a nuisance," admitted Bette, "but it is a fact. I never used to have great regard for the way I looked off screen, but after a few unfortunate experiences, I concluded I wasn't being fair to myself. If, with a few hours to spare from the studio, I went into I. Magnin's in a great rush, invariably I was recognized by a dozen shocked people who made derogatory comments on my appearance. I discovered that even for the slightest errand I must take time to look my best, and once I accepted the fact, it ceased to bother me."

Success has, of course, given her material things. "I'm able to live the sort of life that appeals to me, have the house I like, the clothes I like, the food I like. I can travel where I choose, in the manner I choose. I am, indeed, fortunate.

"Again, on the other side of the ledger, I missed my college days. I was robbed of four years of fun, good companionship, and perhaps the formation of enduring friendships, because instead of going to college, I went to work.

"As a result, I haven't as many close friends as I would sincerely like to have. As for friendships formed later on, the very nature of my work makes it extremely difficult. First of all, an enormous amount of time goes into my job, and it takes time to make friends. Since friendship is usually founded on mutual tastes and interests, one would think I'd have many friends among the members of my own profession.

"But friendships between professionals are often awkward; automatically, we are all rivals. Those with non-professionals are apt to be complicated because, through no fault of theirs or ours, they usually become tag-alongs. They simply don't feel comfortable with us. I know several people, not in my profession, whom I would like to have as friends who call me on the telephone now and then, and invariably begin the conversation by apologizing for 'bothering' me. The premise is false, you see, and the result is disastrous."

If Bette had never succeeded on the screen, she believes she would always have lived in New England, which she loves. Her work has made it impossible for her to choose where she would live.

"Success also has robbed me of the chance to devote all my time to my daughter," she continued. "That is a sacrifice. Barbara is at the enchanting age, and I'm missing so much of it. I see her for half an hour in the morning, and for an hour and a half at night, on the days I work. It is hard to leave her upbringing to a nurse."

According to Bette the forfeiting of her right to be a "human being" is where success has taken its toll the most.

"We haven't the right to look like sixty when we feel like it, to have a headache when we have one, to be in a bad temper when we are, in fact, none of the every day irritations that affect human beings as a whole, are supposed to affect us at all. We have no right to these human indulgences because I truly believe to most people we are not human."

Another thing Bette can thank her career for is that since she has become successful, she has learned to let the unfair criticism all successful people receive roll off her back. Without success she would not have had the opportunity to develop this immunity to the criticism of others.

"Any successful person, you see, is allowed *no* right motive for anything," Bette continued. "The less fortunate are enormously jealous of success, and it's a human fault to want to find successful people in the wrong. More than once I have sat at a restaurant table and heard people around me discussing me as if I could neither see nor hear them.

"It isn't done to be rude; nobody on earth would be intentionally that rude! It's just that they don't realize we are people as they are people. We have eyes and ears also. They have seen us on the screen only, so when we are close at hand, we just can't be alive. In such cases, all we can do is to behave as if we were our shadow selves, like ghosts who have not materialized."

Also in Bette's view of things, "The more successful you are the more conspicuous are your mistakes. More so in Hollywood than almost anywhere else, due to the fact we are known all over the world. If you've been fortunate

enough to create a standard, you mustn't let down.

"Also," says Bette, "socially, a famous person can never relax. When you are introduced to someone, that individual will usually sit back and let the famous one make all the overtures. He stands there contributing little, waiting for us to prove ourselves. That's why so many of us seldom appear socially. Constantly proving yourself to strangers *is* a strain.

"In summing up the pros and cons of advantages and disadvantages to a person like myself in Hollywood, I have proved, I think, that I have benefited more than I have sacrificed.

"The greatest benefit from all my success has been the feeling of inner security I have acquired as a person. The admiration of people and audiences who have made my success in Hollywood possible, has helped to give me this. This feeling of confidence makes you comfortable with all people you meet, in all situations in which you find yourself. For this I am most grateful.

"One of the greatest examples of this, to all who met him, was Franklin Delano Roosevelt. At the time of his death, it was said of him he never talked up to anyone, and he never talked down to anyone. He had truly great inner security.

"One more thing; fame gives one the opportunity to meet so many fascinating people—Presidents, Kings, Maharajahs, scientists, celebrities in all fields. Hollywood seems to be an 'open sesame.'

"After all is said and done," she concluded, "no one could feel sorry for me. Poor, poor Bette Davis—all she has is the WORLD! All I *do* have is the world."

Just Call Him "Butch"

Continued from page 42

and by that I mean he shines at bridge or gin rummy, he rides and swims exceedingly well. He loves to be telephoned at any hour of the day or night.

Some of Cesar's friends, when asked to delineate him, are prone to say, "Primarily, the guy has a great sense of humor."

When Butch returned from location in Maine, where he and Dana Andrews had been working as lobster fishermen in "Dark Waters," I telephoned to ask him to come to our place for dinner.

He hesitated a second then explained that he might have to work a little later than usual. He added, "Would it be okay to bring a few guests along?"

I checked with my wife, Elaine, who is the hospitable type. She said, "Of course. How many?"

"Well, there might be six or eight," he confessed.

One or two guests at our table constitute standard equipment, but any woman will agree that six or eight represent an onslaught. Gamely, Elaine told Butch to bring on the guests.

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sters. To complete scenes for the picture, the studio had flown the lobsters to Hollywood and Butch had spoken for them. They were tough to photograph, hence the delay.

This mad sense of humor unfailingly endears Butch to children of all ages. He has a niece and a nephew who regard him as an oracle. In the morning it is customary for Butch to lather his face preparatory to shaving, then to lather the blissful, upturned faces of Holly and Bobby. Once the lather is applied, Butch supplies each youngster with a safety razer from which the blade has been removed, and the "shaving" in triplicate takes place.

Bobby has lost interest in this make-believe, doubtless concluding that as a man a large portion of his adult life will be spent mowing whiskers.

However, Holly can be depended upon to perform the ritual every morning without fail. While Holly and Butch shave, they carry on an incredible conversation. They discuss how far a caterpillar can walk in a day, and why birds don't fly in reverse. Butch has been called upon for theories as to why snow melts, why a mama cat doesn't have Scotty pups, how a tree knows when October comes, and where does Sunday go on Monday morning.

Our daughter, Waverly, is now twelve, so she has outgrown the notion that Uncle Butch can supply all the cosmic answers, but she is more convinced than ever that he is a rare and fascinating human being.

When Elaine and I went to New York, presumably for two weeks, yet remained away from home for two months, we had no worries about Waverly. She was well cared for by our servants, but she was also protected by Uncle Butch. He made no big thing of looking out for her, but every time we telephoned Waverly, she had a glowing report of the horseback ride she and Uncle Butch had taken the day before, or the movie to which he had escorted her, or the beach trip they had enjoyed together.

In his letters to us, Butch reported Waverly's sage comments and in general kept us as informed of her welfare as if we had been at home.

In analyzing Cesar, one must first realize that he looks upon his entire circle of friends as an extension of his own family, and there has never been a more loyal family member than Cesar. At present, his household consists of his father, his mother, a brother, two sisters, a niece and a nephew. For a long time (*until he could secure building materials with which to construct his new bachelor suite*) Butch slept on the living-room lounge.

He never mentioned this housing situation as a personal inconvenience, merely as a discomfort for the other members of the family because they couldn't use the living room as freely as he thought they might like.

Butch will not listen to a disparaging remark, however mild, about a friend. During a discussion of theatrical personalities I once happened to venture an opinion as to how a certain actor could improve his technique. Cesar, his head back, eyes sharp, tapped my shoulder with extended forefinger.

"He's doing all right," said Cesar. "He's making good in a big way."

"But you just said . . . ." I started to expostulate.

"What I said was *constructive*," explained Butch righteously.

In brief, Butch may analyze a member of his circle of friends, but he will instantly deny that right to an outsider. It is this sort of thing which impels Cesar's friends to confide their most profound secrets in him, knowing they are as safe as if sunk into Fort Knox.

The amazing thing to me is that Butch remembers the things which seem to sink entirely out of the minds of others. I maintain that his memory is the basis for Cesar's exquisite tact and thoughtfulness. Memory is a very handy thing to own at Christmas time, for instance.

Last year, Elaine and I were beating our brains in an attempt to remember the color scheme of a friend's living room in order to make an appropriate purchase. Neither of us was quite sure; we didn't want to ask the person for whom the gift was intended, of course, so we were stymied until Elaine thought of calling Butch.

"He won't know," I said, proving how wrong a guy can be.

He remembered exactly. Futhermore he told us why our choice would have to be modified somewhat. "She has a set of miniature early American skillets which she uses for ashtrays. She keeps them on the bottom shelf of the northwest bank of book shelves in the den."

I gave up.

You would think a guy with all these talents would be pounding away at his career, fighting for parts, arguing about billing, in short, being eager. One night a gang of us tore into Mr. Romero in an attempt to badger him into going after a plum part about which we had heard and for which we thought he would be perfect. I'd like to say here that, in my opinion, Cesar is excellent in everything he has ever done, and always pulls up a picture by his presence. I think he is capable of a sensational dramatic portrayal, and I wish he would be given such a part.

He listened to our praise of a particular script, the director, the producer, the Oscar possibilities—everything. Meanwhile he remained in a supine position in a down-cushioned lounge chair, his eyes one-eighth open, his smile benign.

When our forensics ran out of breath, Cesar opined, "If the studio thinks I'm right for the part, they'll give it to me. If they have somebody else set, I *won't* get it. Why worry?"

Don't get the impression from this that he is incapable of deep and terrible consternation. His perceptions are sharper than most, a fact borne out by his reticence about his war record. Only once in our years of close friendship have I heard Cesar discuss his experiences in the Pacific.

Cesar, in the Coast Guard, was on a supply boat that jettisoned its cargo during one of the island campaigns in order to pinch-hit as a hospital ship. By

mid-morning the supply of plasma had been exhausted, so the crew members were supplying transfusions. One boy, still conscious although he had lost both feet, was impressed by the fact that his transfusion was coming from Cesar Romero; it gave the lad a lift. Weak as he was, he wanted to talk. He said that he had done some dramatic work in high school, and that now with real acting blood in his veins, he thought he would have a good chance of getting into some branch of the theatre when he got out of the hospital. He said he was feeling fine, and knew he was going to pull through.

Cesar patted the boy's head, glanced hopefully at the padre who had been ministering to the boy, and then looked down again at the tangled mass of blond hair. The boy was dead.

If any discussion of the wartime years comes up, Cesar talks about bond tours as if he had done nothing but fly around the country having a ball. He can tell story after story about the things he and Vic Mature did and the quaint characters they met; he can make the late unpleasantness sound like an explosion in a confetti works . . . . yet all the time he carries death in his heart.

In addition to his sensitivity, Cesar's overgrown sense of gratitude should be mentioned. There are few people who feel obligations as deeply as he does. Years ago, for instance, when he was a johnny who had the chilly opening spot on a vaudeville bill, doing a top hat, white tie and tails routine with a cane, he was befriended by Marian Harris, who was the headliner. In her day Marian Harris was a combination Dinah Shore, Hildegarde and Ethel Merman. She was tops.

She undertook to teach the green newcomer some of the old tricks of stagecraft, and they became devoted friends.

Time passed and Butch learned that the daughter of Marian Harris was coming to Hollywood. Butch had not seen this girl (*who turned out to be an attractive English singing star in her own right*) since she was a braidling of five but he planned a party for her "to welcome her to Hollywood and let her know that she hasn't come to a strange place, because she's really among friends."

I do not want to give the impression that this Romero gentleman is all sweetness and light. I want to express a beef. The guy is lazy. I've said it before and I say it again. Last Christmas, for instance, we gave him a gold key for his house. (*The year before we had given him a gold key for OUR house.*)

As you probably know, those gold keys are uncut. One must take his own brass key down to a locksmith and have the indentations filed in the gold.

Every time we saw Cesar after the holidays we asked him if he were using his new gold key. He wasn't. It was still in its gift box because Cesar had been too busy, he had forgotten, he didn't know a locksmith, etc. etc. etc.

Finally, Elaine secured the key from Cesar's sister, delivered it to the locksmith herself, had the grooves cut, and presented it to the inert Mr. Romero. He was terribly, terribly grateful. (*See "Gratitude" above.*)

I could continue this discussion of Romero, The Man, for ten or fifteen volumes but the gist would still be the same: He is one hell of a sweet guy. He is that rare human being, a person who loves his friends exactly as they are, who makes no demands upon anyone, yet whose own bounty is as broad as generosity itself.

This world could use a couple of million men exactly like him.

The Name Is "Banjo"

Continued from page 43

my feet trying to find shoes, trousers, a coat, car keys. My hands were all feet and my feet were melted butter.

Somehow we got to the receiving hospital where Zach was cleaned up and where the gash in his head was closed with about a dozen stitches. We also heard his story. He had been homeward bound along Roosevelt Highway, a road that is subject to slides during wet weather. Zach's headlights picked up an avalanche of boulders in time for him to brake to a violent stop. A second's delay might have cost him his life; as it was, the force of his brakes sent him against the rear-view mirror.

Zach had circled around the slide and had hurried home, leaving his car at some distance from the house so he wouldn't awaken Elaine and scare her to death. Then he had awakened me, scaring *me* to death.

On our way home that dawning, I had the eerie realization of what a blow it would have been to me if Zach hadn't been able to stop in time.

"Boy, I'm *real* glad you've got stonewall brakes on that car," I said.

"You're a nice guy," gloomed Zach. "I cut my head off, and you're glad." But he gave me a wide grin. He knew what I meant; I didn't have to make speeches.

There was one funny repercussion. Zach and I tiptoed into the house and managed to get settled without disturbing Elaine. The next morning she awakened, turned to look at her husband in the neighboring twin bed, and let out a yell that, despite two closed doors and a long corridor between, brought me out of bed in one leap. Then I heard the Scotts laughing, so I knew that Zach hadn't expired during the night.

I first met Zach and Elaine shortly after I had returned to Hollywood after being discharged from the Coast Guard. We were all invited to a rather large party one night and, in the casual motion picture manner, we were introduced. Afterward I pointed Zach out to a hep friend of mine and said, "I met him a



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few minutes ago, but what's his name?"

I was told that he was a new actor, under contract to Warners', and that he had made a hit in "Mildred Pierce" but that his best picture up to that time was a classic titled "The Southerner," which should have been considered for Academy honors.

I hadn't seen Zach in pictures at that time, and I didn't see him until somewhat later, a yarn that I'll spin in a few more paragraphs.

At any rate, the reason I liked him at once is that he had fallen into a discussion of current American problems with a thoughtful group, and I liked the things he had to say. For one thing, he is a very good friend of Mr. Walter White, secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Zach, a true Southerner, a gentleman, a scholar, and a great human being, had some things to say about the fine work of Mr. White with which I agreed. I thought, "This Scott guy and I have got to get together one of these days and chew the fat."

That "getting together" didn't occur until Zach, Elaine and I were among a group of picture personalities who were invited to the President's Birthday Ball in Washington, D. C., in January, 1946. This was the Birthday Ball given by President Truman.

I was registered at The Statler and Zach and Elaine were registered at the hotel just across the street. We arrived the day before the Birthday Ball, so we were requested to remain in seclusion until January 30. The weather was bad, so the Scotts, Paul Henreid, the Reggie Gardiners and I decided to have dinner together in the Scott suite.

It was an early dinner, but our conversation extended far, far into the night. The only reason the woes of the world weren't solved that night, I must say in amused description of the weighty talk, is that you can't bottle good intentions and solid sense and sell them as a tonic.

In the midst of politics, ethics, and economics, we managed to discuss motion pictures for an hour or so and the fact emerged that I had never seen Zach on the screen. I said, however, that I was going to see "Stallion Road"—but positively—at the earliest opportunity.

After the Birthday festivities we returned to Los Angeles and the following week I was a dinner guest of the Scotts. From then on, we were close friends.

One of the important things about Zach is that he wears well. Some friendships can't withstand the wear of constant association, but Zach is so diverse a guy that it would take at least fifty years to catalogue all the surprises he is able to spring.

For instance, who would expect him to be a near-authority on antiques? Yet Mr. Zachary Scott can pick up a piece of milk glass and tell you the name of the cow who was grand champion the year the glass was poured.

The acid test of a man's taste in such things is his ability to buy an item which pleases his wife. I'm glad, and impressed, to state that I was a guest at the Scotts one afternoon when an antique desk was delivered. Zach had selected it several days earlier, had ordered it as a surprise for Elaine. She was speechless with appreciation. Well, almost speechless, at any rate.

How Zach loves his home! He's as domestic a character as I've ever met. In a way he typifies the British idea that a man's home is his castle, and Zach takes good care of the castle. He can fix leaking faucets without flooding the manse; he can build a new set of shelves for a closet without severing a finger or lacerating the English language; he can build and *has built* a series of early American type picture frames that stump the experts.

He's an excellent cook and, as a host, he's a chip off St. Boniface. He seems to know who wants a window opened or closed, who uses cream but not sugar in coffee, who prefers tea, who is a teetotaler, who will admire a beaker of rare brandy, who is a good storyteller and can be relied upon to carry the conversation, and who needs to be encouraged to join in. He is a confirmed ashtray emptier and glass re-filler. And he has a swell sense of humor.

After he and I had exchanged protracted courtesies about my plans to see one of his pictures, he finally invited me to join a dinner party one evening. Afterward we were taken to the premiere of "Cass Timberlane," in which Zach had a fine part. When I got serious about what a good job he had done with his role, he gave me a glossy look and observed, "I'm still not sure you would have seen the thing through if it hadn't been for Lana."

Several weeks later I managed to catch a showing of "The Southerner" and I've been raving about it ever since. I'd like to say right here that I think Zachary Scott is one hell of a fine actor and that his is a name you are going to see in lights for many decades to come.

In addition to being a great homebody and a fine actor, Zach is a devoted family man. He talks so much about his father and mother, and his sisters that his friends feel they know all the Scotts intimately after having known Zach for a few months.

Zach and Elaine are so complete a partnership that one thinks of them as Zach-'n-Elaine, in one contented breath. They have the usual family jokes but one in particular tells a lot about Zach, I think. Elaine is a brilliant and gifted woman; before she and Zach were married, she stage-managed that theatrical phenomenon of our time, "Oklahoma." Her friends are greats of the drama.

When Elaine decides to express herself, she has few equals in the technique of handling the English language. It is a delight to hear her describe a person, a situation, or an episode. Zach takes an intense pleasure in listening, when Elaine is moved to the highest use of her talent.

After his wife has spoken, Zach grins widely and nods at her. To someone nearby he says, "Mrs. Malaprop does very well, doesn't she?"

You probably remember that Mrs. Malaprop was a dame who never used the right word when a wrong one was handy. It tickles Zach to play down his own enormous pride in Elaine by de-

scribing her ability in opposite terms, like calling a snow-white kitten "Midnight."

I don't think you would have to twist the arm of Waverly Scott, Zach's twelve-year-old daughter, to extract a eulogy for the banjo-eyed man from Texas. Zach is a wonderful father. And a stern disciplinarian, according to him.

When he returned from the studio one day, Elaine had a list of small rules-infractions to report against Waverly. Waverly had not practiced her scales, she had not made her bed before leaving for school, etc., etc., etc. Elaine is bringing up Miss Scott to be a great lady; sometimes the going is a little rough. "I wish you'd discipline her," Elaine said to Zach.

Zach fixed his daughter with a stern eye. "How would you like to go for a moonlight horseback ride with me and talk this over carefully?" he demanded.

Waverly tried to look as punished as possible, but the glance she tossed at her father as she flew up the stairs to change her clothing was purely idolatrous.

The tagline of this episode is interesting: Zach really did talk to Waverly about the plans and hopes he and Elaine had for her, and her minor fractiousness shortly thereafter disappeared entirely.

It would be unfair to a guy like Zach to make him sound all sugar when the truth is that there is plenty of salt, pepper and vinegar in his system. He has one of the hottest tempers on earth, but he knows it and he wages a constant battle to keep it under control. I have seen him walk out of a room, his eyes blazing, his lips compressed into a thin white line, and his fists clenched, because he disagreed with someone who had expressed a silly or a dangerous idea. As a youngster, Zach used to mix it with fists, but years and seasoning have taught him that nothing much was ever gained by violence. A born fighter, he has learned to pour his steam into logic instead of a long right to the jaw.

Although many of Zach's friends call him Banjo in honor of those eloquent eyes, I would be inclined to "categorize" him—in the musical instrument sense—as a violin: sensitive, highstrung, and capable of magnificent performance.

Personal note to Scott: Brother, this is going to cost you a champagne dinner at L'Aiglon. As for all the nice things I've written about you, I only did it—because it's the truth.

Edith Head's Fashion Flashes

Continued from page 46

tion of our whole mode of living. We are beginning to feel that our play time is not a continuation of our work time.

* * *

It's A Morale Builder
this feeling of "getting dressed up." It's important to the little girl of five and the woman of fifty. That's why, now that we can, we're doing it. The college girl's date dresses are pretty and feminine. They're really dresses. It is no longer considered good merely to add a string of pearls to your sweaters or suits and think you're dressed up. That was right for war time, but the picture has changed.

* * *

The Separates
are the answer to the problem of clothes versus budgets. In spite of our new feeling of formality, I think that most women like to stretch their wardrobes . . to look as lovely as they can, without investing a fortune. Any time you can do a two-piece costume, you're making sense. For example, a long skirt and a short skirt, plus two tops will give you four outfits. We went through a deluge of evening sweaters and strapless tops, but now the separate vest is newer. It has a bare halter look and can be made with a bare back if you wish. You can also make the back different from the front. For example, a brocaded front and a plain back, or a gold mesh knit front and plain back. A lot of the new dinner vests are going to be knitted or crocheted. A white and gold knit vest is terrific with a black jersey dinner skirt and black gloves.

* * *

There Is No End
to the variety of vests the stars are wearing. I made Loretta Young a white pique vest and separate white pique skirt. The vest was embroidered in coral and the back was fastened with a coral button. This would be sensational for winter wear at desert resorts. A white velveteen vest would look stunning with a black velveteen skirt for holiday parties. If you like color, you'd like the costume I made for Gail Russell after she finished "Night Has A Thousand Eyes." A vest of red and green plaid wool had plain dark green wool in back, matching the separate skirt of green wool. To give it sparkle, we picked up the red and green plaid with red and green sequins. Such a costume would be perfect for holiday dinners at home.

* * *

Add A Shawl
to match and you'll have something different. I'd suggest a green shawl lined with the plaid so that it's reversible. This idea is particularly good if you don't have an evening coat.

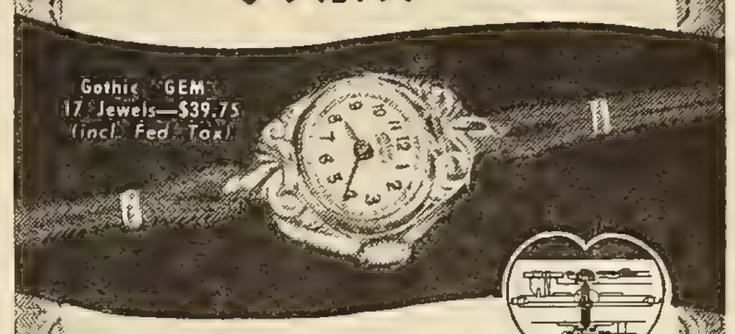
* * *

You Don't Need
an evening wrap this year. Suddenly, it is very smart to wear short, flaring jackets day and night, or shawls, or scarves. We used to feel sorry for the girl who didn't have an evening wrap or a fur coat. But now, even if you had an elegant velvet coat, you'd be smart to leave it at home.

* * *

The Little Short Coat
doesn't have to be intensively tailored. Instead, I'd suggest making it reversible, of contrasting colors or materials. You can make them of silk and wool, or two kinds of wool, or velvet and silk. They can be high-waisted, or swinging from

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the shoulders. You can wrap them tightly around you, or let them flare. Sleeves are long, or pushed up. With reversible fabrics you can turn the cuffs up and show the contrasting other side. A black wool jacket lined with scarlet taffeta, and worn over a black dress, is most effective. It's also smart to make reversible ascots to go with your jackets.

* * *

A Successful Evening Dress
is one that makes you feel like a different person than you do in your workaday clothes. It should transform you. The whole purpose of dressing is to change your appearance, and when you know you look different, you'll feel different. I think everyone is two people anyway, and if a dress can change you into your other self, it's a success. I'm the tailored type myself, with short straight hair, and I wear colored glasses. At night, if I want a complete change of self, and feel like wearing pink chiffon, I do it.

* * *

Evenings Are The Fairytale Time
of one's life. They are an escape from the ordinary, a chance to express yourself. This is true for girls and women of any age. Psychologically, this feeling of "dress up" is important. The girl who dresses up for the evening is going to make many more friends than the girl who just changes her makeup.

* * *

If You Want To Look Different
don't try to look too different. It isn't fashion-wise now. You can wear an extremely chic design if it is made by a skilled person, but if you try to plan and execute the unusual yourself, you might, without experience, go berserk. It is rather treacherous to experiment with design, if you aren't sure of yourself. And it is so easy to look ridiculous.

* * *

Do It With Fabric And Color
because that's safer than experimenting with design. You don't have to be rich to have unusual clothes. A red flannel evening dress could be wonderful . . and certainly different. It's all right to look a little like a femme fatale or Little Eva, but don't overdo it until you become a caricature. Simply made clothes are so romantic, you really don't need to work so hard for "effect".

* * *

Any Girl Who Can Hold A Needle
can make an evening dress. You might try it first with taffeta because that's so easy to handle. Just gather enough at the waist to make a billowing skirt. Take a piece of silk or velvet ribbon about six inches wide and sew that to the top of your skirt. If you wish, the ribbon can be tied in a big bow in the back. Above the ribbon, sew a piece of the skirt material, gathered at both edges and you have your bodice. Put elastic in the top gathering and you don't need shoulder straps. Consider your colors if you want this simple gown to look smart. Try white with a vivid accent of coral, red, or jade green velvet in the sash . . pale grey or black with the same color contrast.

* * *

Another Good Idea
for "dress up" around Christmas time, is my ribbon or panel over-skirt. Last year we used aprons as wardrobe stretchers during the holidays. But this year we're doing it a little differently . . with strips of ribbon or fabric, looped at the belt and fluttering to the edge of the skirt. Suppose you have a black crepe dress that you've worn many times. Get ribbon or strips of fabric in varied colors such as violet, bright pink, turquoise blue and jade green. They can be any width from one to ten inches. Tie the ends at the belt and let them drop to the hemline.

They can all be tied in front to make a fluttering apron. Push them to the back and you have a bustle. They might be massed at either side and you have a panier effect. Their fluid line is very good this season.

Use a variety of colors, or a variety of fabrics. For example, if you want to keep your dress black, use alternating ribbons of black satin and black velvet. Remember, they must be massed for the proper effect.



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Your Guide To Current Films

Continued from page 12

Turner, Van Heflin, June Allyson, Keenan Wynn, Vincent Price, Frank Morgan, and Angela Lansbury—all in one picture that's over two hours long! Based on the Alexander Dumas classic, there is plenty of exciting swordplay *(with special honors to Gene Kelly)*, diplomatic intrigue, romance and spicy dialogue. The only bad thing in the entire production is that June Allyson is foully murdered by the wicked Countess, Lana.

The Luck Of The Irish

20th Century-Fox

SHURE an' begorra, if you'll not be seeing this, you'll niver be knowin' how to behaive when in the coompany of a leprechaun. With Cecil Kellaway playing the most charming leprechaun and Irishman you could ever meet, you'll have a wonderful time for yourself watching Ty Power cope with one of "the wee people" who because of everlasting gratitude has followed him to New York all the way from the Emerald Isle. Not only does leprechaun Kelaway engineer it that Ty remains true to his ideals, but also that by the end of the picture Ty and Anne Baxter are well on their way to raising a lot of little Irishmen.

A Song Is Born

(Technicolor)
Samuel Goldwyn

YOU Danny Kaye fans might be a little disappointed in his latest, because Danny doesn't break out into the type song routine he's so famous for. Instead, he plays more or less a straight role as a professor of musical research who suddenly gets mixed up with a new variation of the Three B's: boogie-woogie, a blonde, and bookies. On hand to help convert Danny are Virginia Mayo, Benny Goodman, Louis Armstrong, Tommy Dorsey, Charlie Barnet, Lionel Hampton and other stars of swing and be-bop—a solid session for swing fans.

My Dear Secretary

United Artists

WHAT makes this such a wonderful comedy is the lavish scattering of characters who steal in and out of scenes, and incidentally steal the scenes in the process. As the wolfish author of several best-sellers, Kirk Douglas does a fine job of being a zany, irresponsible writer until he marries his secretary, Laraine Day, who proceeds to show him that there ain't no such thing as a smart woman taking the back seat even with "genius." Keenan Wynn is just slightly terrific as Kirk's chum and self-appointed doorbell-answerer, cook and laundress. This is definitely one of the better comedies.

Moonrise

Republic

OR, Dane Clark suffers again—and how he suffers: gets beaten up with alarming regularity, kills a man, completely wrecks a car he's driving, jumps off a ferris wheel, has a pack of coonhounds chase him across the countryside, and for a while it looks as though he's in for a bad case of frostbite from Gail Russell. Being a psychological drammer, there's nothing funny here. In fact, it's a darn depressing picture. Ethel Barrymore plays Dane's grandmother, who along with Sheriff Allan Joslyn, and schoolmarm, Gail, finally sets the wayward young man straight.

The Return Of October

(Technicolor)
Columbia

WHEN you get a girl, Terry Moore, thinking a racehorse is her late, departed uncle who has returned to win the Derby, then it's only natural that a psychiatrist is on hand, too. He is, in the person of Glenn Ford. While Glenn makes a study of this strange case, the strange case falls in love with him and finally succeeds in convincing him that she isn't wacky at all—October, the horse, *does* win the race. For a gay, light comedy, you can't go wrong on this—and a new word will be added to your vocabulary: *Schnookle,* which makes its American debut.

June Bride

Warner Brothers

ROBERT MONTGOMERY, as the star writer for a women's magazine, and Bette Davis, as Madam Editor, his boss, have quite a time for themselves when they descend on a small Indiana town to do a feature story on a wedding. The wedding takes place, but thanks to cut-up Bob, not quite as Bette had originally planned—in fact, the course of several lives is radically changed. By the way, one scene which has Bette discussing a bust of Julius Caesar, has just about the bluest dialogue ever heard in movies.

No Minor Vices

Enterprise—MGM

NO, THERE are no minor vices in this film—there are major ones. Very confusing, and loaded with forced comedy situations, you'll find yourself feeling sorry for Dana Andrews, Lilli Palmer and Louis Jourdan, as they try to make the most out of a bad picture which concerns itself with a doctor, his wife, and an artist looking for THE TRUTH. As Andrews sums it up in the final scene: there comes a time in everyone's life when the only solution to a problem is to see things the way *you* want to see them. . . . Enough said.

Red Shoes

(Technicolor)
Rank—Eagle Lion

A WELL-DONE story about a ballet impresario, Anton Walbrook, who discovers a young, unknown dancer,

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Maura Shearer. Gradually, plain interest turns into an obsession that through him she will become the most famous ballet star the world has ever known. Unfortunately, love has no part in his scheme, so when she falls in love with the composer of a ballet, "Red Shoes," Walbrook gives her a choice—career, or marriage. She chooses marriage, but eventually her love for dancing lures her back to the stage—not to fame, but to tragedy. There's a lot of excellent dancing, especially in "Red Shoes," which is based on a Peter Grimm fairytale.

Miss Tatlock's Millions

Paramount

A HILARIOUS picture about a fortune left to a half-witted heir, known to be dead only by his keeper, Barry Fitzgerald. Afraid that it will come out that he has been taking his salary under false pretenses all these years, Barry hires John Lund to impersonate the dead half-wit. From there on, the farce goes its merry way to a surprise ending that sets everything straight, including John's phony idiocy. Besides Lund and Fitzgerald, the cast includes names like Wanda Hendrix, Ilka Chase, Monty Woolley, Robert Stack and Dorothy Stickney, all of whom turn in creditable performances.

The Decision Of Christopher Blake

Warner Brothers

WHEN an imaginative 12-year-old boy, Ted Donaldson, returns from camp to discover his parents are in the throes of divorce proceedings, he realizes he has to choose between his mother or father. Given to day-dreaming, his solutions to the dilemma take fantastic shapes and forms in some very clever dream scenes. However, when actually asked to decide by Judge Cecil Kellaway, young Ted pulls the sort of nifty which makes you wonder about the juvenile tendencies of so-called adults. Despite the tear-jerker story, there's a lot of matter-of-fact good humor which makes for more than being merely a preachment against divorce.

Sealed Verdict

Paramount

IT'S REALLY amazing how you can sit through a picture and not have the faintest idea what's going on. Ray Milland is an Army prosecutor at the trial of a Nazi bigwig in Germany, *that* we know. A newcomer, Themis Marley, has an accent and is a girl, *that* we know, too, but everyone else is enmeshed in mysterious doings and what they are is hard to say. However, you do get told some Nazi collaborators were really nice people and if a German fraulein happens to shoot a GI in the back because she thinks he's running out on her, then his parents will forgive the poor child. There must be a moral to the story somewhere —if you find it, let me know.

Kidnapped

Monogram

SLOW-MOVING, the story, based on the Robert Louis Stevenson novel, picks up occasionally as Roddy MacDowall braves a lot of trouble and adventure. When he suddenly appears to claim his rightful heritage, a mean old uncle, in order to keep the estate, has Roddy kidnapped by a pack of out and out cutthroats. Roddy goes through a lot, that's true, but anyone older than 12 won't appreciate his misfortunes.

One Touch Of Venus

Universal

THIS is a not-too-good musical with Dick Haymes, Ava Gardner, and Robert Walker. Walker is his cute self as the man who falls in love with Ava, who is really out of this world—and there's nothing wrong with that except that his life becomes very complicated, indeed. Don't expect anything too special from this, but see it if you don't mind sitting through another "average" picture.

Gossip In The Lobby

Continued from page 10

There she sits, weaving away and looking more glamourous with every shove of the shuttle.

—o—

When her 20th Century-Fox bosses saw Betty Lynn's performance in "June Bride" (only her second picture, too) *they issued an order: "No More Loan-outs." Now they've given her Linda Darnell's hairdresser, their best makeup man and a new dressing room. While making "Mother Is A Freshman," Betty celebrated her 21st birthday. The crew bought her a $50 birthday cake, so you* know *how they all adore her.*

—o—

If Ann Blyth gets the lead opposite Bing Crosby in "Diamond In The Haystack," she can thank Lady Luck. Ann, who's mighty talented, wasn't originally tested for the part. Bing was searching for the projection room to see the girls who had tested. By mistake, he opened the wrong door. There on the screen was Ann in "Mr. Peabody And The Mermaid." Bing, who seldom sees movies, had never seen Ann before. He stayed until the end of the picture, and that's how movie jobs are born!

—o—

The high cost of building being what it is, had a serious effect on Joan Fontaine and Bill Dozier. They had to add on a nursery for their expected baby and the lowest estimate was almost as much as the original cost of their house. At those prices there was only one thing to do. They *had* to spend the money, so they built a nursery that would accommodate *four* children—if necessary. From now on, no one will have to ask their close friends "what's new" with the Doziers!!

—o—

When we reported that Greer Garson was fast becoming one of the gayest gals in town, we weren't fooling. Now it's jokes, yet! When they were lining up stars to appear with the circus, (to raise money for St. John's Hospital) *Greer was asked if she'd ride on an elephant. "Why it's the* only *way I travel," she deadpanned. "I like my* trunk *in front—so I can keep my eye on it!"*

—o—

Despite all those rumors, it was just recently that Jane Wyman had a "date" with Lew Ayres. And it wasn't very romantic! In the backyard of her new home, there's an open-air playroom that Jane's using for a studio. Lew heard about it and one day showed up with paint, brushes and easel. For three hours not a word of conversation was exchanged. They just sat there in front of their canvases—painting an apple!

—o—

Hollywood Story: Back in 1926 when Joan Crawford arrived in Hollywood, Katherine Albert, a young MGM publicist met the train. The two girls remained fast friends during these 22 years. Now, Katherine is back in Hollywood with her 14-year-old daughter, Joan Eunson, named after Joan Crawford. *This* time it was Joan Crawford who met the train! Henceforth her namesake will be known as Joan Evans. She's been discovered by Producer Samuel Goldwyn and will take up where Cathy O'Donnell left off. She's never faced a camera, yet Joan Evans is being co-starred with Farley Granger in "Roseanna McCoy." It reads like a movie script, doesn't it?

—o—

Loretta Young wouldn't like it—but every girl should be married to Tom Lewis. When she was on location in Reno, Nevada, for "Mother Is A Freshman," Loretta's handsome husband flew up to see her on their anniversary. With him he brought—a mink coat! Tom could only remain for an hour. Then he flew back to his duties of advertising executive again.

—o—

We don't know why Greer Garson divorced Richard Ney, but we *do* know he's one of the most whimsical young men in Hollywood. He's seldom without a book and we even saw him at a bar—reading *poetry!* When he invites a young lady for dinner, Richard's idea of a good time is to cook it for her. They say he's excellent, too. However, when he reads out loud to them for the balance of the evening, *that's* another story. (*Pun intended!*)

—o—

Prediction: That Scott Brady *his right name is Gerard Tierney and he's Lawrence's brother*) is going to be our next screen sensation. Blond, six foot, two inch Scott is handsome, virile, friendly and unspoiled as a puppy. That's why he thought his agent, John Darrow, was ribbing him, when he said he could arrange a test with Joan Crawford for "Flamingo Road." Scott tested, but they decided he looked too young for the part. In the meantime, "Canon City," his first and only movie, is bringing in tons of fan mail.

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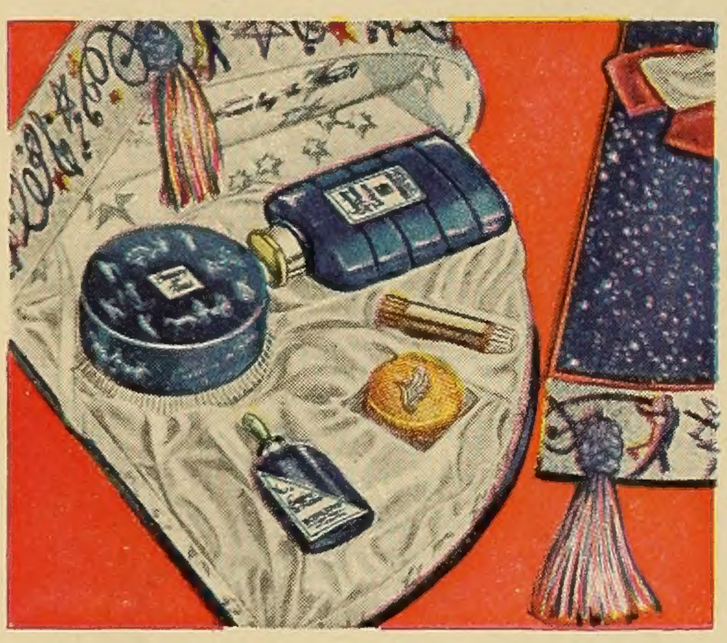
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